THE

SHORES AND ISLANDS

OF THE

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PALMA, MAJORCA.

THE

SHORES AND ISLANDS

OF THE

MEDITERRANEAN,

INCLUDING A VISIT TO

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

BY THE

REV. H. CHRISTMAS, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

"THE CRADLE OF THE TWIN GIANTS, SCIENCE AND HISTORY,"

ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO

JOHN REID, ESQ.

AND

STANDISH GROVE GRADY, ESQ.

Barrister-at-Law and Recorder of Gravesend,

CHAPEL-WARDENS,

AND TO THE CONGREGATION OF

VERULAM EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, LAMBETH,

These Volumes

ARE INSCRIBED BY

THEIR DEEPLY OBLIGED AND SINCERELY AFFECTIONATE

FRIEND AND MINISTER,

HENRY CHRISTMAS.

PREFACE.

But few words will be needed by way of preface to such a work as that which is here offered to the reader. Ill health, occasioned by long and constant anxieties, rendered a temporary relaxation an absolute necessity; and it was thought that the effects of warmer climates might be beneficial. With this view the Author, accompanied by a dear and valued friend, visited some of the chief objects of interest in Southern Europe, and the West of Asia Minor, more especially the seat of the Seven Churches. The opportunities which he enjoyed of observing the state of North Italy, Catalonia, South Austria, Greece, and Turkey, at a most critical and deeply interesting period of their history, led him to think that the publication of such a work as this, at a season like

the present, might not be altogether inopportune. It may be said that a tour of six months would hardly suffice to obtain an adequate degree of information on topics, many of them so complicated and so difficult, as are necessarily touched upon in the course of these volumes. Yet, with a disposition to investigate, with good introductions, and with a sufficient knowledge of the continental languages to mix freely with the middle and humbler classes of society, any person will find difficulties speedily unravelled, and very valuable facts presented to his observation. In my own case I claim only the merit due to an impartial observer. Of one spot which I visited, I believe little or nothing is known in England; and if I should be the means of inducing others of my countrymen to direct their wandering steps towards the Balearic Islands, I am quite sure that they will thank me for the recommendation.

A few words on the manner and expenses of travelling. It will be remembered that there are as yet few railways in the south: in

Spain and Portugal, only about 100 miles throughout the extent of both countries; none whatever in Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor. In these last-named countries the only mode of travelling is on horseback; and the diligences in the south of Spain must receive very moderate praise for the comfort of their accommodations.

A gentleman who travels alone, and to whom time is not the first object, will do well to *ride* through any part of the Spanish peninsula; he will see the country and the people to greater advantage, and will, if he be a wise man, put down to the account of amusement all the little inconveniences he may meet with. The costume of the country is always the best to wear; a beard and moustache are great advantages, and the less luggage the better. Let it be distinctly remembered that when the traveller quits France, he must not expect the same amount of comfort save on the great highways to capital cities; and here the eastern proverb will often stand him in good stead,—"Fortunate is the man who expects nothing,

for he shall never suffer disappointment." Luxury is an exotic among the hardy and temperate races of Castille and Andalusia; civility does not grow in Catalonia; cleanliness is not to be expected in the Papal States; freedom of ingress and egress is much cramped where Austria rules; and all over Germany everything more than a single portmanteau is a nuisance on the railways.

A very unjustifiable attack has lately been made on the steam-navigation of the Mediterranean. It is with much pleasure that I state my own experience to the contrary; save in a certain Spanish packet, El Cid, I found every accommodation and every civility. The rules established were good and strictly enforced, and the steam-packets of the Neapolitan Company passing from Marseilles to Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia and Naples, are very superior in their general arrangements, in the table kept, and in the scrupulous cleanliness of all and everything on board, even to the average of English steamers. Very nearly equal to these are the steam

ships of the Austrian Lloyd Company, and in these, should the purse of the traveller render it advisable, he may fearlessly engage a second-class passage. The French steamers may take an almost equal rank—perhaps, quite so—and in all cases the passenger will find no cause for complaint with regard either to provisions, accommodation, or treatment. In the Oriental and Peninsular Steam Navigation Company's ships, every advantage will be found if the traveller takes a first-class passage, but the second-class is only intended for gentlemen's servants. This must be borne in mind, or the voyager accustomed to the arrangements of the Austrian, French, and Neapolitan packets, may, from motives of economy, be induced to make a great mistake. If the high charge deter him from the chief cabin, let him wait for a French or Austrian vessel.

The Spanish steamers are in all ways objectionable—their extreme want of punctuality, their enormous charges, and indifferent accommodation render it far preferable

to ride along the coast. In some cases diligences may be found, but a horse is better, and the cities on the coast are well worth the visiting. It is needless to say that this involves the necessity of some competent knowledge of the magnificent language of Spain; then, with a pair of alforjas, or saddle-bags, containing Ford's Guide Book, Don Quixote, and Shakspeare, not forgetting a Bible and Prayer-Book, a good ball of twine, a hammer, a bradawl, and a few nails, and a plentiful supply of small change, let the traveller mount his horse, and—*Anda con Dios!* He will want a servant, and let him take a Catalonian if he can find one civil and obliging enough; but as this is very problematical, an Andalusian is the next best, and by the time the point marked as the termination of the journey is reached, it will be found that some days have been gained in point of time, and some duros in point of expense.

The Malle Poste is the only convenient and agreeable way of journeying from Toulouse to

Perpignan—the Bateau Poste from Agen to Toulouse. The steamers on the Loire and Garrhone are good, and preferable to any land travelling, and the best way from Nantes to Bordeaux is by sea. Of hotels, I would recommend the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, at Paris, to those who travel with a family, *but to no others;* at Nantes and Bordeaux, the "Grand Hotel de France;" at Agen, the Hotel called by the same name; at Perpignan the Hotel de l'Europe; at Barcelona, the Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones; at Palma, La Fonda de las Tres Palomas; at Florence, the Albergo de York; at Venice, the Hotel de Ville; at Trieste, l'Aquila Nera; at Corfu, the Club House Hotel; at Smyrna, Milles' Hotel; at Athens, the Hotel d'Angleterre; at Constantinople, the Hotel de l'Europe. These I have found all well arranged and moderate in charges.

LONDON,
May 29, 1851.

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MAJORCA,

HELLAS, AND IONIA,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL AT PALMA—CONFUSION AT LANDING—CUSTOM-HOUSE—HOTELS—PORTERS—CASA DE PUPILOS—PASSPORTS, REQUIRED TO BE TRANSLATED—QUARANTINE—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY—ALAMEDA—PENNY POSTAGE—LIBRARY—MUSEUM—PICTURE GALLERY—PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN AND KING—ANECDOTE OF A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA—SPANISH LOYALTY.

I SHALL spare the reader the details of a journey so well known as that through France. Railroads are the same in every part of the world; they facilitate the intercourse of nations, but they make us acquainted neither with the scenery nor the manners of the country they traverse.

It was about five A.M. on a brilliant morning in last August, that I was awakened in my berth

by sundry noises over head, and was greeted with the pleasing intelligence that her Catholic Majesty's mail steamer Mallorquin had arrived in the harbour of Palma. Those who know Mediterranean ships and Mediterranean seamen can form a sufficient idea of the noise, confusion, bustle, and hubbub which always attend such an event; but when they know besides that we brought from Barcelona six bulls and seventy Catalans, and that the latter all expressed, and doubtless felt, the most lively interest in the safe landing of the former, and seemed each to consider his personal inspection and assistance necessary to the achievement, they will perceive that the ordinary elements of disturbance must have been multiplied tenfold. Half the idlers of Palma, too, came down to witness the disembarking of the "*toros*," and added their voices and directions to the interference of the passengers. In the midst of this Babel I followed my friend M—— on deck, and took up a commanding position on the top of a hogshead, from whence we surveyed with philosophic calmness the excited mass below. All things however have an end; the bulls, des-

tined in a few days to perish in the arena, were landed; the Catalans, gentle and simple, had accompanied or followed them, and we, leaving the steamer, had submitted our portmanteaus to the examination of the "*aduaneros.*" A peseta to the porter of the custom-house, and the assurance to the superior officer that we had no contraband articles, secured us from any further interference than merely unlocking the trunks. Nothing was touched, and we were dismissed with a bow, and a good-humoured smile, to enter the city.

Generally speaking, "discretion is the better part of valour," but we soon had sore misgivings that our case formed an exception. By quietly waiting till the bulls and the Catalans had landed, we lost at least an hour, and on arriving at "*El Vapor,*" the principal hotel in Palma, we were received with the assurance that there was no room for us. "*Las Tres Palomas* was an excellent *fonda,* and we might get accommodation there;" but the Catalans had been before us there also, and we were compelled to try in succession all the *fondas* and *posadas* that Palma has to

boast of—and all in vain! Up streets of stairs, and down precipitous lanes, we wended our weary way, trying here a *casa de pupilos*, and there a *fonda*, our two indefatigable porters seeking out new chances for us, and obliged to rest every now and then their somewhat heavy burden, till at last—"oh, sound of joy!"—in the "*Calle de las Monjas de Misericordia*,"—(I wonder how the name of such a street would be abbreviated in London!)—we found a "*casa de pupilos*," a boarding-house, with apartments disengaged, and were told that we might install ourselves at once.

The first duty was of course to discharge the porters who had brought our luggage, and we were pleasingly astonished to find that, for carrying two heavy portmanteaus and two carpet-bags, three hours up and down the streets of Palma, and taking considerable trouble in locating us, they considered a dollar such abundant remuneration as to call for the most profuse acknowledgments.

Our abode was on the second floor, and consisted of a sala, or sitting-room, with a bed-room

at each end; the furniture was sufficient for the exigencies of a warm climate, and everything was scrupulously clean. Our landlady, Doña Juana, was approaching to elderly, but active and very obliging; and the terms we made with her were, that she should provide us with breakfast, dinner and dessert, supper and wine, for four pesetas each per diem, which would amount to about twenty-two shillings per week, terms which were considered very high; but then we had the privilege of choosing our dinners, and leaving without notice whenever we thought fit. We had no cause to repent of our agreement, for Doña Juana not only consulted our wishes in every way, but racked her invention and the Palma markets to find delicacies for us during an indisposition from which I suffered while in her house. Then she took great pains to teach us Majorcan, and was evidently repaid with interest by the amusement which our mixture of Castilian and Majorcan afforded her; so that, all things considered, we did not at all regret that "the Vapor" and "the Three Doves" could not take us in.

Our first business, after being comfortably

settled in our new abode, was to visit the Policia and the English consul, that our passports might be in order; the latter was a Spanish merchant, and as English visitors are scarce in the Balearic islands, he could not foresee that his being absent and leaving no substitute could be the cause of any inconvenience: we visited his house again and again, but five days passed before we could see him.

At the Policia we were received by a middle-aged gentleman, who looked at our passports with much amazement; first, he requested information as to who on earth Lord Palmerston might be, and then begged that I would be so good as to translate the document into Spanish, which having done to his satisfaction, we were referred to the "*Gobierno,*" and obtained the requisite permission to reside. Part of this formality arose from the fact that the cholera was supposed to be raging in France, and those who came through France into Spain by sea, were subjected to a heavy and most vexatious quarantine. We coming from Barcelona, and having arrived at that city by land, escaped this; and had we been subjected to

it, should have felt doubly annoyed, knowing full well that there was no cholera in France at all. The real cause of the measure was a desire to retaliate on the French. Ships from Barcelona to Marseilles were obliged to go to a place thirty miles distant to get the necessary papers, and in revenge for this, the Spanish authorities at Barcelona took advantage of a fit of indigestion, suffered by an old gentleman at Marseilles, and declared that the cholera was at that city. Fourteen days' quarantine was the least that could be imposed, and as it was advisable to keep the air at Barcelona as free from suspicion as possible, the unfortunate Frenchmen, and passengers by French packets or ships, were sent to perform quarantine in the harbour of Port Mahon in Minorca.

Among the many reasons against the whole system of quarantine laws, it is not the least that they can be, and are, made the instrument of carrying on civic and mercantile squabbles. The example of Barcelona was followed by the Italian states; and all along the coasts of the Mediterranean, commerce was hindered and travellers

delayed, when it was perfectly well known to all the authorities that there had not been a case of cholera in France for many weeks. All this we for the present escaped, and were at liberty to perambulate the Balearic islands as much as we pleased.

The aspect of Palma from the bay is very striking. A little to the right of the usual landing-places rises the vast mass of the cathedral, towering over houses and fortifications. To the left, the Palacio Real lifts its imposing front; between them the exquisitely beautiful Lonja, or Exchange, presents its light pinnacles above the battlements of the town-wall; while far away in the same direction the eye rests on the castle of Belver, once the residence of the kings of Majorca, and since still more celebrated as having been the prison of Jovellanos and Arago.

The city is strongly fortified. I am hardly a judge of the matter, but I should think Palma more capable of standing a siege than most towns I have seen, and the ramparts afford a series of the most romantic views both of the town and the country. The streets are narrow, but with

few exceptions clean and well drained: there are some fine *plazas*, or squares, and a broad *ramòla*, planted with trees on each side, and furnished, like most alamedas, with stone benches. Here the population of Palma do what they call "taking the cool," when the business of the day is over; and here are carried on many of those little flirtations from which the Majorcans, innocent as they are, are not wholly free. Here, too, are cafés, where ices, agraz-frio, orgeat, and other cooling luxuries are to be obtained, and where the "*cigareto*" is sometimes seen between rosy lips. Great varieties of costume prevail, every man deeming himself at liberty to wear what kind of attire is most pleasing in his own eyes, so that the Majorcan fashions are occasionally more characterised by diversity than by elegance.

As the evening advances, the various groups scatter, the promenaders disperse; the twinkling lights one by one disappear; the cafés are closed; gaiety has given way to the soft voluptuous silence of a Mediterranean night, and the gas—for they have gas at Palma—the gas alone remains to light the *sereno*, or watchman, as he goes his

round, and chants his long-drawn plaintive cry, "most musical, most melancholy."

The town is by no means so eastern in its appearance as the great Moorish cities of southern Spain, Cordova, Seville, and Granada; and yet it is sufficiently so to give it a semi-oriental character. One street is called "the Street of the Moorish Arch;" there are Moorish baths and relics seemingly Moorish continually meet the eye; but in general the architecture is European, though not that of modern Europe; the style is that of the sixteenth century in Spain, and the new houses have been built on the same plan as the old, till within the last few years.

Many parts of the city are remarkable for the deep silence which prevails in them. The projecting eaves of the houses make almost a roof for the street, and the effect is solemn without being melancholy:—the dim light, the perfect quietude, the luxurious atmosphere, all seem adapted for the reveries of a poet; and if Majorca has produced none of great eminence, it is certainly not for want of excitements to the poetical temperament. Save in particular localities, there are no carriages, no

street criers, no signs of hurry and earnest business; the exchange is empty and locked up, there are no beggars! little or no street music save in the evening—no reviews. All these negatives tend to produce a general feeling of repose, yet there is no lack of amusement, and public amusement too: there is a theatre, a plaza de toros, an opera, concerts, academies of science and art, an archæological society, museums, and a library of 40,000 volumes. Such are some of the advantages which the capital of Majorca offers to its inhabitants, to which must be added a climate as near perfection as possible; abundance and cheapness of excellent provisions, and romantic scenery both by land and sea.

The communication between these islands and the rest of the world takes place once a-week by way of Barcelona, and the post is therefore hebdomadal; and as the quiet denizens of this tranquil region seem to carry on but a scanty correspondence among themselves, another element of calmness is added to those which already constitute the moral atmosphere of the Balearic Archipelago. The post-office is very well managed,

and the greatest attention and civility is shown to those who have to transact business there. I mention this, not because it is an extraordinary circumstance, but because it is far more usual abroad than at home. There is throughout the Spanish dominions one uniform postage rate of six cuartos, about three-halfpence, and the stamp is an imitation of our own, bearing a tolerable portrait of Isabel Segunda. The tobacconists only have the right of selling postage stamps; and as letters are not received at the offices unstamped, there is always a shop close to the post-office with the royal arms suspended above the door. This is one among many proofs of the rapid advances which Spain is now making; and when the circumstances of the country are taken into consideration, it will be seen that the six-cuarto postage is a far greater sacrifice to the spirit of progress than was the penny postage among ourselves; the distances traversed are much greater, the expense of carriage incalculably heavier—there are no railways—few manufacturing towns—wide districts are mere pasturage—Spain itself is one great mountain broken into pieces; the correspondence

can scarcely amount to one-tenth of our own, and its increase, though perceptible, is yet exceedingly slow. In spite of all these difficulties the six-cuarto rate has been established, and will have its full effect in developing the noble resources of the country.

It is to Narvaez that Spain owes this boon; it is to him that the tranquillity of the country is mainly attributable: he has repressed insurrection, encouraged commerce, promoted the arts. Unlearned himself, he has fostered learning in others; and with a most determined and despotic temper, he has given Spain more real liberty than she ever enjoyed before.

To those who like to know the personal peculiarities of distinguished men, it may be satisfactory to be told that the Duque de Valencia is about fifty years of age, of middle stature and well proportioned. His countenance is stern and resolute, and his manners frank and soldier-like. In his dress he is scrupulously particular, and affects a little the "*petit maître*," studying with evident care the Parisian fashions, and appearing in uniform only when military regulations require it. It is probable that his loss will be soon and deeply felt.

This is, however, a digression from the postage question. The Spanish rate contrasts very favourably with the French. The government of the republic began their postage reform with a stamp of twenty centimes (eight cuartos), or two-pence, and when the immediate effect was found to be a reduction in the revenue, (as indeed it needed no prophet to foretel), then the government took fright and raised the rate to twenty-five centimes (ten cuartos), or two pence halfpenny, so that at present the transmission of a letter in France, where the expenses are much smaller, and the amount of correspondence tenfold, costs nearly twice as much as in Spain.

It will be unnecessary to say with what eagerness we sought our letters at Palma, or to describe our blank astonishment when we were told that they had all been taken away by the British Consul! Time after time did we visit the house of that worthy, without seeing him or hearing anything more of the missing epistles than that there were a packet of letters and newspapers somewhere in the island for us. We afterwards found that this was entirely a mistake, and that our letters were at

Madrid, from which place they eventually travelled over half the civilized world in search of us.

The day of our landing at Palma was a saint's day, and the "*Casa consistorial*," the building appropriated for government-offices, was adorned with pictures *hung outside*, of all the chief heroes of Majorcan history. In the centre and under a canopy were those of the Queen and her husband. Above them, in plate mail, frowned the effigy of Don Jaime el Conquistador; by his side was the more placid countenance of Don Jaime II., whose desecrated remains we afterwards beheld in the cathedral; while from window, and cornice, and balcony were suspended kings, queens, saints, cardinals, prelates, and warriors in rich confusion. The portraits of the Queen and of Don Francisco were better executed than most of the others—those of Ferdinand VII. and his wives were of the very worst order of sign-post painting; the vulgarity of his late majesty's physiognomy, in itself quite bad enough to need no exaggeration, was caricatured to an extent that rendered the pictures truly hideous; and his three wives, all of whom, and especially the last, had some pretensions to per-

sonal attractions, certainly owed no obligations to those who depicted them for the admiration of the loyal Majorcans.

The portraits of the Queen and King suggested sad thoughts; they were faithful likenesses—too faithful to be pleasant. The expression of Don Francisco's countenance is at once morose and unintellectual; bad health and bad temper, utter want of mind, ignorance, childish sullenness and imbecility, low tastes and gross superstition, are all clearly enough to be traced in the face as well as in the life of the unhappy king; while of the still more unhappy queen we would fain say nothing,—unfortunate alike in father, mother, husband, and education, her great wrongs must be remembered in palliation of her great faults. If the dynasty of Louis Philippe had committed no other crimes, its fall was but a mild dispensation of Providence if it be considered a retribution for the dire atrocities of the Spanish marriages.

Some private houses are occasionally adorned in this way on state occasions; and as the Romans of old carried the images of their ancestors in solemn procession, so do the modern Spaniards

display to the public the pictures of their forefathers. The same custom prevailed wherever the Spanish authority extended, and in the galleries of Brussels and Antwerp are portraits executed for this very purpose of public exhibition: some are by the hand of Rubens, and were finished in a few hours. Yet so marvellous is the power of genius, that we not only feel as we gaze that they are indeed truthful, speaking likenesses, but discern in the magnificent though hasty execution, the spirit of a great master.

I have been sometimes struck with considerable astonishment that so little flattery is to be found among painters and sculptors. Those who are familiar with the antique must have remarked in the case of Nero, how faithfully the sculptor or medallist has followed the truth of nature; the almost divine beauty of his youth gives place gradually to the fierce perplexed expression of incipient madness in his manhood; and before the close of his reign it is the savage scowl of a wild beast that glares on us from the statues and medals of the last Cæsar.

The Spanish Queen fares no better than did the

Roman Emperor, and I once witnessed, growing out of this, the most remarkable instance of artistic loyalty that perhaps ever existed.

During the regency of the Duque de Victoria, (Espartero,) I entered a print-shop in Madrid to obtain a portrait of the Regent. I had noticed that though portraits of nearly all the reigning sovereigns in Europe adorned the window, there was none of our own Queen. I asked the shopkeeper how this happened; on which he told me that he could supply me with one, for that he had quite a variety.

"I did not see any in the window among the other kings and queens."

"No, Señor; we do not put the Queen of England there."

"Why so? England and Spain are on very good terms, and our Queen, who is fond of the sea, is very likely to pay you a visit some day."

"That may be, Señor; we shall be happy to put ourselves and our country *a la disposicion de su Majestad,** but I do not put her portrait in the window for all that."

* At the disposal of her Majesty.

My curiosity was thoroughly piqued.

"Would you object to tell me the reason?"

"I have very great objections, Señor mio; but if you insist, just to show you that it is out of no disrespect to your Queen, (may she live a thousand years!) I *will* tell you why I keep her picture out of the window. Queen Victoria is *muy graciosa, muy bonita,* (very pretty and very graceful); and Providence has not been peculiarly liberal in that respect to Doña Isabel, (whom the saints watch over!) therefore, as I think the contrast not complimentary to our Sovereign, I keep the Queen of England in a drawer."

"But then," added he, suddenly remembering a new fact, "there are two pictures of the Queen of Portugal in the window! Pues hombre, there it is, if you want it."

Surely the force of loyalty could no further go.

In the collection in the *Casa Consistorial* at Palma there is a fine work by Van Dyk,—the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and I could much wish those who so severely criticised the late restorations in the National Gallery, just to see how necessary they become after the lapse of cen-

turies, even in so sunny a climate as that of Majorca. Here is no fog, no smoke, no soot, none of those nuisances which once provoked a friend of mine to say, "that the fuliginous particles held in suspension in the circumambient medium, tended greatly to the obfuscation of the architectural elegancies of the metropolitan edifices." There are none of these, and yet the beauties of the picture are to the common observer all gone: they are latent; they require to be "fetched out." Another interesting picture here is the portrait of that strange but romantic character, Raymond Lully, who was a native of Majorca, as according to Balearic tradition was Hannibal also, and many other heroes of the Old World. These matters must, however, be treated of in another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ISLANDS — POSITION — POPULATION — CHARACTER OF COUNTRY, SOIL, AGRICULTURE—OLIVE-TREES—RARENESS OF OIL—WINE, TREES, THE CAROB, VINEYARDS, AND FRUIT—HEAD MARKET—PIGS—EXPORTATION OF—BIRDS—OWLS—CONCERT OF OWLS AND ASSES—FISH—THE CUTTLE FISH—THE SOLDIER FISH—REPTILES—FROGS AND TOADS—INSECTS—ANECDOTE OF A SPANISH INN.

THE Balearic Archipelago is a group of islands lying in the Mediterranean between the parallels 37° and 41° north latitude, and between the 2d and 5th meridians of longitude east from Greenwich. It consists of three large and a great number of smaller islands, of which latter very few are inhabited. Majorca, the chief of the group, is distant about eighty-five miles south from the nearest point of the Spanish coast. Its greatest length is about sixty miles, and its

greatest breadth forty-five. Its exact geographical position is defined thus: north latitude, 39° 15′ 45″ to 39° 57′ 15″, and longitude east from Cadiz, 8° 32′ 35″ to 9° 40′ 40″. Its figure is an irregular polygon inclining to quadrilateral, and presents its chief angles to the cardinal points, the promontory of Pera facing the east, that of Grozer to the west opposite to Valencia, that of Formentor to the north, and that of Salinas to the south. Its area contains 1,234 square miles, and supports a population of 195,000 inhabitants. Of its capital, Palma, the population of which is 42,000, some notice has been already taken; and the island boasts besides of another city and thirty-five towns.

Majorca is in general extremely mountainous; so much so that there are few roads, and those for the most part of recent date; but towards the south it becomes more level, and about Alcudia swampy and unwholesome. The soil is everywhere very fertile, and under a scientific system of agriculture would not only abundantly supply the wants of its inhabitants, but leave a large surplus for exportation. Its principal products are corn, wine, oil, and

oranges. The wheat is considered the finest in Europe, and is principally sent to Barcelona and Valencia: comparatively little is consumed in the island itself, the poor people in the country mostly living on a coarse kind of bread, of which the bruised fibre of the carob*-pod is not unfrequently found to be an ingredient. The fruit of this tree, which is very abundant, consists of a long pod like that of the scarlet runner, but much larger: the stones are hard like those of the tamarind, but the fibre of the pod makes an excellent food for mules and horses: it is sweet to the taste, and when quite young not unpleasant cooked as a vegetable; when dry it becomes hard and coarse, and requires something like the powers of an ostrich, the "*dura messorum ilia*," to digest it. It is, however, a far better substitute for corn than the bark used for bread by the Norwegian

* The Ceratonia, or Siliqua edulis, is sometimes called the locust-tree and sometimes St. John's Bread, because its fruit is by many supposed to be intended by the term *locusts* in reference to him. "His meat was locusts and wild honey." The locust, however, was really eaten in Palestine and Egypt, and the tree properly called the locust-tree is the hymenæa courbaril. The carob-tree is indigenous to Palestine, and this has probably given rise to the opinion above mentioned.

peasants—*they* are subject, when using it, to severe cutaneous affections. In Majorca I never saw anything of the kind.

The olive nowhere attains to such perfection as here: in the interior, the traveller may pass through mile after mile of olive forests, the carob-tree or algarobe occasionally appearing, and here and there the fig and the orange breaking with their brighter hues the monotony of the scene. Nothing can exceed the strange forms assumed by the contorted trunks of the old olive-trees; like the enchanted oaks on the Valpurgis night, these trees

> "Giant-headed, strong, and many,
> Put forth polypus antennæ."

They appear twisted by the hand of nature into the wildest semblances of men, and animals, and demons. I could pardon the superstitious for being frightened at some of them in the pale moonlight; and they afforded many objects of interest to us while riding among the mountains.

The stranger accustomed to the delicate oil of Italy, can rarely tolerate the rancid production of Spain, green as grass, and strong enough in odour

to infect the whole house when used for culinary purposes.

The Spaniard, by the force of long habit, has acquired a taste for this nauseous oil, and ridicules the golden growth of Italy and Southern France, as insipid. Yet nothing would be more easy than to produce even finer oil in Spain than in Florence or Lucca; the cause of its rankness is not in the fruit, but in the manner of making the oil. It pays an excise duty, and the grower cannot press the olives till they have been gauged. Thus they lie in heaps, fermenting and putrefying, till the exciseman makes his appearance, and the press is put into requisition. It would now take a long while to make the Spanish people prefer the pure oil; and although in Majorca, as well as on the continent, agriculture is daily improving, yet the quality of the oil will long be purposely kept down to its present standard.

The vine, which flourishes in the greatest perfection, would, and doubtless will in time, furnish another most important article of commerce. Rich sweet white wines are abundant. They are

strong, but thick, and, with few exceptions, coarse in flavour, yet a very little care would make them equal to the finest Paxareti or Calcavella. This result may be looked for speedily, for there is no particular prejudice in favour of this defect in wine among the islanders, however much they may like their oil to be *prononcé*. The common wine is like that of Catalonia, absolutely unbearable; the flavour of pitch might be pardoned, but the wine has positively no merit save that of strength; a sweet red wine is occasionally drunk, like the much and most undeservedly celebrated *vino de Priorato* of Catalonia. The muscatel grape flourishes, and the pulp of many species is so solid, that it makes by no means a contemptible article of food.

The fig and the almond are sufficiently common to be exported in considerable quantities. Peaches are fine and plentiful; and the apricot, though inferior in quality, is by no means scarce, nor is the nectarine unknown, though not common. The peach is said to be indigenous to the soil here, as in Andalusia, but the wild peach is distinguished from the cultivated by the name

of *melicoton*, *pesca* being the appellation given to the cultivated variety. The melicoton is often of a good flavour, but hard, and the skin, adhering to the flesh like that of the apple, requires to be removed with the knife. The name of the fruit undoubtedly intimates that it is honey within and cotton without. Other kinds of plums and all cherries are rare. The fruit of the cactus or prickly pear, which is here used, together with the aloe, for the formation of hedges, is much valued as an article of food, but it is too insipid for northern tastes. The islanders call it *Fico Morisco*, and attribute its introduction to the Moors. Lemons, citrons, quinces, apples, pears, medlars, mulberries and pomegranates are all cultivated with success, and as the white mulberry has been lately introduced, there appears reason to believe that silk might be obtained without much trouble.

The vegetables of the islands are the same as those of Valencia and Andalusia. Peas and beans, potatoes, cauliflowers, brocoli, spinach, kail, cabbages of all kinds, parsnips, carrots, and turnips, celery, cucumbers, leeks and onions,

sweet herbs, capers and samphire, are all good and plentiful. Turnips are inferior to ours, as are also the artichokes, but the lettuce, which was bad and bitter, is now equal to any in Spain. The palm-tree is common, but bears fruit rarely; it is cultivated rather as an ornamental than a useful tree. I have not mentioned maize, which now abounds, and is superseding the carob pod as the food of the agricultural labourer. It is frequently ground with buckwheat for that purpose.

The cattle of Majorca are small, and the beef sold in Palma is tough and skinny. The sheep are little attended to; and the goats, which are an African variety, are much less valuable than those of more northern climates. Kid's flesh is good, and perhaps is the best meat produced in the islands, with the exception of pork; but of this, much is to be said. The exportation of pigs was strictly forbidden until within the last few years; but as the Majorcan pigs enjoy the reputation of being the finest in the world, it was soon perceived that a wise policy would encourage the islanders to breed and export them. The result has been

most favourable, for not only has a very profitable branch of commerce been introduced, to the great advantage of the islands, but steam communication has been established between Majorca and Barcelona, and all its necessary consequences are beginning to be felt.

A small steamer, now called *El Mallorquin*, was purchased in England, re-christened in Spain, and placed on this station. This was, now, fifteen years ago, and the same engineer still superintends her machinery. It frequently happens that *El Mallorquin* carries over more pigs than passengers to Barcelona, a circumstance which, like everything else that she noticed in Majorca, greatly disgusted Madame Dudevant, better known by her pseudonym of George Sand. Her description of her sorrows is vivid and amusing; a slight infusion of probability would have made it perfect. She speaks of the tenderness with which "*ces messieurs*" are treated on board, and the affectionate solicitude with which they are at last landed. The commander of the Mallorquin is, or was, as she assures us, a very amiable man, who, by long association with the noble quadrupeds,

who are his most constant passengers, has acquired a grace, and a tone of voice, not unlike their own. If any passenger should suffer from sea-sickness, let no attention be expected from any one on board, for pigs too are subject to the same malady, and in them it produces a splenetic languor and a weariness of life, which at all risks must be cured. The cure (not the cold-water cure) is effected by sticks, and the consequent tumult and din is beyond description. Under such circumstances the pigs have the whole of the fore-deck to themselves; and it occasionally happens that the remedy above-mentioned has to be applied every quarter of an hour, to the small delight of the human passengers, if such there happen to be.

Madame Dudevant made the passage in its most formidable shape, and doubtless experienced much inconvenience; but the captain, an officer of the Spanish navy, (for the Mallorquin is a mail-packet,) is a gentleman of great courtesy and agreeable manners, and when the pigs are away, and the weather is fine, nothing can be more agreeable than the passage from Palma to Bar-

celona in his steamer. One thing is however quite certain, that the Pig (he deserves to be spelt with a capital) has been a great benefactor to Majorca; the houses of the peasantry are enlarged, their food is ameliorated, the fruit of the fig, olive, cactus, and carob, are no longer suffered to waste; a wise economy is beginning to be understood, and all by means of an animal, which, formerly, could not be so much as named in Spain without an apology!

The pigs in Minorca were once even superior to those of the larger island, but now, with everything else there, they are on the decline. It will easily be imagined that cattle are not of a very fine breed, as the bulls for the arena are imported from Catalonia. Those of the islands are small and wretchedly lean; the flesh is hard, tough, and coarse in flavour; the mutton is not much better, but this subject has now attracted the attention of the Agricultural Society, and much pains is being taken to improve the breed. Milk is not plentiful, butter is rancid and bitter, and the cheese so intolerable to more than one sense, that it would require considerable practice to be

able to endure it; yet it is, or rather was, exported to Italy, and there held in some estimation, many Italians preferring it to Parmesan. An extremely good cheese, of the same kind as that of Parma, is made in La Mancha, in small round moulds, about five inches thick and twelve in diameter, and shaped like a small twelfth-night cake. This would probably be acceptable in England, and might easily be got by way of Valencia or Malaga. Cheese does not form a very important article of Spanish diet; there is a proverb about it,—

> "Val algo el queso,
> Que se vende al peso."

"Cheese must be worth something, since they sell it by weight." The usual food of the poor is the carob bread, or that made of maize, buckwheat, or rye and barley mixed, with a little of this wretched cheese, salpicon, bacon, fruit, onions, and the never-failing gaspacho, which to those who have never read Mr. Clarke's lively volume so called, may as well be described.

It is a kind of salad with bread, melon, water,

oil, vinegar, onions, garlic, *and anything else attainable*, all stirred together and eaten cold. It is necessary to mention this, as it is sometimes called a kind of soup, and now and then a little salpicon or chorizo finds its way into it; nor would a herring be refused admission.

If meat in Majorca is neither good nor plentiful, fowls of all kinds are sufficiently so to compensate for its absence. The turkey, the guinea-fowl called gallina, the common domestic fowl, ducks, and geese, are all good and cheap. Wild fowl, too, are equally abundant; quails, larks, wheatears, starlings, and thrushes are much esteemed; woodcocks, partridges, teal, widgeon, wild duck, and wood pigeons, are all extremely common. Of birds of prey, the eagle is frequently seen, and the vulture, and what is somewhat contrary to general opinion, these birds occasionally consort together, holding banquets in the remote parts of the mountains, and detaching a few from the general body to keep watch while the rest feed. I did not see any instance of this, but was told of it as a well ascertained fact. Hawks and owls are numerous, and it is a very singular circumstance,

that when the ass hears the note of the owl, he generally replies with a prolonged bray; so that I have been kept awake half the night by this extraordinary concert. Dogs are said to take a part in the entertainment when the moon is near the full, but of this I had no experience, nor did I regret it, for whatever Mr. Cumming may think of "*a concert of lions!*" I can assure him that one of owls and asses is by no means sufficiently agreeable to render more performers desirable. Cormorants abound and may be seen by dozens sitting on the rocks about Dragonera, but they rarely allow the naturalist to approach them.

Another cause that makes the comparative scarcity of meat and its indifferent quality of little consequence is, the great abundance of fish caught on all the shores of these islands. Cod, salmon, trout, and mackerel are unknown; but the skate, the mullet, red and grey, the gurnet, the sea pike, the lamprey, and conger eel are procurable at nearly all times, and at a very low price. Anchovies come in great shoals during the summer months, but it is only lately that any attempt has been made to pickle and export them. This will, by-and-by,

be an important branch of commerce, for the Majorca anchovy is larger and finer than that found on the coast of Italy. The sardine, too, offers a valuable export, and the roe of the mullet affords a kind of caviare called *botargo*, more delicate than that obtained from the sturgeon.

The names given to some fish are curious. The *old wife*, sometimes seen in the cabinet of the naturalist, is not I believe eaten; but the Majorcans have a very good fish which they call *donzella* (young lady), and which is a favourite at most tables. Then there is the Bonjesus, the Fish of St. Francis, and the Fish of Moses, the Emperor, and the Dyer; this last being no other than the sepia or cuttle-fish, the ink of which, poured into a cup and allowed to dry, makes as good a pigment as the sepia prepared by the artist's colour-maker. The Remora, or sucking-fish, is sometimes found, but more frequently on the shores of Minorca than on those of Majorca; the apparatus by which it adheres to the sides or bottom of a ship is very curious. It was anciently supposed to impede or altogether to stop the motion of the vessel to which it attached itself. The sea crayfish is common, and

much esteemed, and the soldier-fish is sometimes met with; a creature so called from his warlike propensities. He is a small lobster without any shell to his tail, which is covered only by a membrane. As he needs further protection, he encases himself in an empty shell, in the volutes of which he coils up his tail, while his horny head and claws protrude. Sometimes two soldiers meet beside a fitting shell, and then a combat ensues, the victor carrying away the house as a trophy. Sometimes, when an empty shell is not to be found of the requisite dimensions, some unlucky mollusc inhabiting one of the necessary size and sort, is by a little physical-force chartism induced to dislodge, giving up his life with his house.

In this case the persuasive powers of the soldier may rank with those of Hermes himself in the Homeric hymn, who *persuades* a tortoise that it is for the interests of creation that he should surrender his shell that it may be made into a lyre, and having succeeded in obtaining the consent of the tortoise, fairly "bores the life and soul out of the beast," as Shelley freely translates it. Specimens of the soldier-fish are not rare in the collections

of the curious. The nautilus is common, and the echinus so much so, especially on the coasts of Minorca, as to render it necessary for bathers to be on their guard, as the spines inflict serious wounds. The *nacar* (Pinna magna) is of common occurrence; it is a gigantic mussel, and sometimes reaches the length of three feet; it is more generally from one and a-half to two feet in length, and from twelve to eighteen inches across in the broadest part. It is of a beautiful pearly colour, and is made into ornaments. The French call it *nacre*, and we, mother-of-pearl, for the finest articles of this material are made of the shell of the nacar, and not of any species of oyster.

Near the hinge there is a tuft of silk, about as thick as a finger, and the fibres of which vary in length from four to ten inches. This silk is capable of being spun, and is all but indestructible. Stockings and gloves have been made of it, and Dr. Shaw,* who mentions it in his travels, supposes it to have been the *byssus* of the ancients.

I must not quit the subject of Balearic molluscs, without mentioning the *Murex purpura*, the cele-

* Travels, p. 51.

brated purple-fish of the ancients, that produced the Tyrian dye. This purple was a brilliant scarlet, ever the royal colour; and some students of alchemy, perplexed by the modern application of the term purple to a very different tint, have been much at a loss to understand why purple was the peculiar hue given to Mercury. The finest *scarlet* pigments are, however, obtained from mercury, the metal under the dominion of the planet so called, and thus the apparent inconsistency is solved.

The large conch is very common: the fish was and is still sometimes eaten, and till lately the shell was used for a horn, especially by miners. The Spaniards generally have a great objection to using the horns of animals for any purpose, and the word is seldom heard except as an execration, *cuerno!* being nearly equal to another expression which may be contemplated but not pronounced—*carajo!*

Of reptiles there are the lizard, harmless and beautiful, several kinds of snakes, innocent and venomous, but the latter are rare; frogs and toads, especially the former, which in some dis-

tricts are very numerous, and make a cry like that of the wild duck.

The insect race are, as in all warm climates, innumerable. Scorpions are found but seldom within doors; the Scolopendra morsitans is common, but more so in Minorca that in Majorca. It does not reach the size to which in India and South America it attains, but its bite is productive of considerable inconvenience. There are spiders of many kinds, but none dangerous to the human species; one which the Majorcans call the Tarantula, but wrongly, is a small black harmless insect. Butterflies are in great numbers, and some of them very beautiful; locusts, various kinds of beetles, and grasshoppers, are all common, and this last, like that of the east, is of a large size, and capable of flying a considerable distance. Its under wings are of a beautiful scarlet, and its flight is attended with a great rustling noise. Moths, ants, and flies are all common enough to be troublesome, and the mosquito abounds. Those great enemies to nocturnal repose, which the Spaniards call *chinches* and *pulgas*, maintain great armies in the Balearic Islands, as indeed

they may be said to garrison every town in Spain.

Many years ago I happened to be at Burgos, and having heard a bad report in this respect of the inn where we were to rest, I inquired of the landlady, whether in her house there were any *chinches*.*

"No," she indignantly replied, "we have nothing but *pulgas*."

A conversation which Mr. M. said might have been rendered thus, "Have you any B flats?"

"No, sir! we have only F sharps."

"Hay aqui chinches, Señora mia!"
"No, Señor, no hay que pulgas!"

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE ISLANDS—PHŒNICIANS, LEGENDS OF—MINORCA COLONIZED—CITIES BUILT THERE BY THE CARTHAGINIANS—BIRTH-PLACE OF HANNIBAL—SLINGS AND SLINGERS—INVASION OF THE MOORS—MOORISH CONQUEST—CHARLEMAGNE—PISAN INVASION—ISLANDS SEIZED TO THE MOORS—BIRTH OF DON JAIME EL CONQUISTADOR—HIS BAPTISM—CONQUEST OF MAJORCA—TAKING OF PALMA—SUCCESSORS OF DON JAIME—STRANGE TABLE OF KINGS—UNION OF THE COUNTRY WITH SPAIN—INVENTION OF PRINTING—PROCLAMATION OF THE CONSTITUTION—PRESENT PROSPECTS OF THE ISLANDS.

THE history of the early inhabitants of the Balearic islands is necessarily involved in great obscurity. Dameta* gives us to understand that the Bœotians and the Rhodians occupied the archipelago immediately after the Trojan War, and that it fell subsequently under the dominion of the Phœnicians from Tyre and Sidon, or of the Canaanites expelled from Palestine by Joshua!

* Dameta: Historia de las Islas Baleares.

That 663 years before our era, the Carthaginians attempted in vain its subjugation, and that 260 years later Hamilcar and Hanno made a settlement on the island of Minorca, and founded the cities Mago, Jamno, and Sanicera, now called Mahon, Ciudadella, and Sanitja, concluding with the islanders a treaty of alliance which lasted for two centuries. Other writers* call the three cities Mago, Jama, and Labo, and attempt to find the last-named city in Alaior, a small village about the centre of Minorca.

It appears, from all accounts, that Minorca was settled and civilized before the larger island, and that two at least of its cities were of great antiquity. There is an epistle extant, from St. Severus, Bishop of Minorca, and dated February 13, A.D. 423, in which he speaks of Jamnon as situated at the west, and Magon at the east end of the island, states that the latter was a municipal city of the Romans, and that the two towns were thirty miles apart. Mela,† a native of Majorca, gives the same account, and though

* Armstrong: History of Minorca, p. 80.

† Univ. History, vol. vii. p. 1.

they were at the first rather forts than cities, yet they soon grew into importance, especially Mago, by reason of their very advantageous position as sea-ports.

The natives of the Balearic Islands appear to have been much esteemed in the Carthaginian armies, for their skill in slinging, and some deduce the name of the group from the Greek βάλλειν, to throw or sling. Bochart carries the derivation one step backwards, to Phœnician words Bal and Tarah, having the same signification. The name Mago belonged to several distinguished Carthaginians. The Balearic antiquarians have preferred to attribute the foundation of Port Mahon to the elder of these, but as he appears to have made but a flying visit to Minorca, and the islands were but gradually growing into importance, it seems most reasonable to refer the origin of the city to Mago, the brother of Hannibal, who resided on the island for several years. However this may be, there appears some ground for the claim made on behalf of Minorca, that it was the birth-place of the great Hannibal. In Majorca he is said

to have been a Majorcan; but as Minorca, and probably on account of the extent and excellence of the harbour at Mahon, was more valued by the Carthaginians, and as Mago, the brother of Hannibal, made it for a considerable period his residence, so when we are told that the great Carthaginian hero was born in the "*Insula Cunifera*," and that Hamilcar his father visited Minorca about that period, taking his family with him, there appears little reason to doubt that it was the smaller of the two islands which gave birth to the great opponent of Rome. At Thrasymenus, at Cannæ, and at Zama, the Balearic islanders served with distinction under their illustrious countryman.

While under the Carthaginian rule, Q. Cæcilius Metellus made a descent on Majorca, and maintained himself there for some time, but he was eventually driven out by the inhabitants, who returned to their ancient allegiance to Carthage.

Another Cæcilius Metellus was destined to bring these islands under the power of Rome. Attacking them with his fleet, and covering his ships with skins to deaden the effect of the Balearic

slings, he obtained possession of the islands, and assumed the name of Balearicus.

Before he left his newly-acquired province, he founded the city of Palma, and the towns of Cinium, Cunium, and Boccoris, the last-named not far from the Carthaginian colony of Pollensa, which had been established by Bostar the Punic general. From this time till the decline of the empire, the islanders remained faithful to Rome; nor do we hear any more of those piracies which had made them so terrible a scourge previous to their conquest by Metellus. When Augustus re-divided Spain, he attached the Balearic Islands to the province of Bœtica, and they became a favourite place of honourable exile for those whom fear or jealousy would not allow to remain at the imperial court.

It was during the reign of Augustus that the inhabitants petitioned for aid to destroy the rabbits, which had increased to so great an extent as to consume the entire harvest of corn, and to cause a famine among the people. In many ancient coins, Spain is represented as a female figure having two rabbits at her feet, and the

Bœtican province was it seems particularly overrun with them.

The Roman dominion remained undisturbed till the year 421, when the Goths, Vandals, and Suevi, having driven the Romans out of Spain, during the disastrous and dishonourable reign of Honorius, Gunderic, the king of the Vandals, seized upon the Balearic islands, and kept them till he undertook the conquest of Africa. The Goths succeeded, and maintained their position until, under Justinian, Belisarius once more reannexed them to the Roman empire. This conquest was not one of an enduring character. The energies of Rome had died out, and the transplantation of the chief seat of empire to Constantinople had lessened the hold of the government on the western provinces. The Goths recovered their superiority, destroyed all the remains of Roman magnificence, established new laws, and began their innovations by persecuting the orthodox Christians, Arianism being the form of Christianity which they had adopted. In process of years this gave way to the more commonly received faith, and the islands continued in tran-

quillity till the year 697, when the Moors, or Saracens, took possession of them.

For about a century they remained under Moslem rule, the Moors gradually consolidating their power without opposition, till Charlemagne obtained a great victory over them, and drove their leaders out of the island of Majorca. In the course of the same year they returned and established Hamet Ebn Basich, with the title of Wali. The year following (798), Sir Ebn Ali Bejer, the most astute of the Almoravides, despatched a fleet for the conquest of the islands, and having without much opposition succeeded, caused the king, Abn Taxfir, to be proclaimed at once in all the three islands, Majorca, Minorca, and Jevisath.

A short time afterwards a sanguinary civil war broke out, and Mujiched,* viceroy of Denia for the kings of Cordova, taking advantage of this, caused himself to be proclaimed king of the Balcares. His reign, though much disturbed,

* The name of this Governor was—Mugiched-eldin-Almotawakkel-alu-Alah-Abdallah-Alamori-Abageix-Almugef. At least, so it is written by the Spanish chroniclers.

lasted thirty years, and there are still extant some of the coins bearing his royal title. His son and successor, Ali, was driven out in turn by Hijem, another minister of the Cordovan monarchs, and his successor was Abdallah, one of the Almoravides.

The history of the islands under their Moorish kings will not detain us. About the middle of the ninth century, the Northmen, who swept with their piratical fleets the coasts of Spain and Italy, made many descents on the Baleares, wasting them with fire and sword, but their incursions do not appear to have been of long duration, for before the close of the century, we hear of the peace and quietude of the islands. The Moors, now firmly settled in their kingdom, began to turn their thoughts to foreign conquest, and endeavoured to win back to the crescent those Spanish provinces which had been emancipated from their yoke. It was in the year 993 that they carried by assault the city of Barcelona, and killed in the attack the Count Borell; and the same fate befel the Count of Urgel, who attempted the conquest of Majorca. But the

power of the Moors was on its decline; again and again they were driven out, and again and again they returned. In 1108, under the auspices of Pope Paschal II., the Pisans dispossessed them, and made Nazarabeo king of Majorca. The newly-appointed sovereign had reigned but seven years when he was expelled in turn by Don Ramon Berenguer, who hypothecated the islands to the Genoese, and they in their turn to the Moors; but when the piratical incursions of the latter endangered the continental dominions of Don Ramon, he again undertook their conquest, in which he was, contrary to all honour and integrity, assisted by the Genoese themselves. His expedition was successful, and he appointed Don Guillermo Ramon Dapifero governor.

For thirty years this state of things continued, but in the year 1178, the Moors again came back to their old possessions. Seven years after this the islands were, by a solemn treaty with the Pisans, recognised as being the lawful kingdom of Alfaqui Albutrahim Isaac. Peace was made between that sovereign and the Pisan republic, and to the unusual honour of both parties, its

provisions were scrupulously kept. But a new era was now approaching. Pedro II. king of Arragon had married, somewhat it seems against his will, and principally moved by his mother's persuasions, Maria de Montpelier, daughter of William of Montpelier and of Isabel, widow and heiress of Amalric, successor to Baldwin in his titular kingdom of Jerusalem. This princess was the sister of the celebrated Conrad Marquis of Montserrat, who perishing without issue by the hands of assassins at Tyre, Maria became sole heiress of William and Isabel. Her pretensions as well as her possessions induced Pedro to accede to his mother's wishes, but he seems never to have had any sincere affection for his consort, and indulged without scruple in the gallantries but too common in that age. The queen is uniformly allowed to have been a pattern of piety and virtue, though sadly destitute of personal charms; and yet Gomez Miedes, in his History of Don Jaime the Conqueror, states that she had been secretly married (he does not say to whom) before her union with Don Pedro, and that the issue of that marriage were two daughters. This

was accidentally discovered by Don Pedro, who never forgave the deception which had been put upon him.

The necessity of an heir to the crown of Arragon induced many vain attempts to conquer the king's repugnance to his wife, and at length he was, by a stratagem of Don Guillen de Alcala, introduced to the queen in disguise, supposing her to be a lady of whom he had become enamoured. A lawful successor to his kingdom was thus provided for him, as much contrary to his wishes as a consort had been obtained for him before. When the prince was born, Don Pedro seems to have been rather pleased than otherwise, and as Don Jaime was never troubled with the pretensions of rival brothers, his lot might be esteemed, in an age so turbulent as that in which he lived, to be a peculiarly happy one.

As the time came for the baptism of the infant prince, the queen was more and more anxious that a name of good omen should be conferred upon him, and her own prepossessions led her with somewhat of Spanish partiality to desire especially that of James; but as the prince had been placed

under the joint protection of all the apostles, a feeling not uncommon in those days induced a belief that the deliberate choice of one would be a kind of tacit insult to all the rest. The mode which the queen adopted to obtain the apostolic decision was singular: round the cradle of the future conqueror were placed twelve lighted tapers, each bearing the name of an apostle, and it was agreed that the taper which burned longest should give a name to the prince.

But now we come to a difference in the manner of telling the story: some say that the *first* twelve, including the traitor, were chosen: but this seems highly improbable, as no one, and particularly in those days, would confer on a Christian prince the accursed name of *Judas Iscariot*. Others, and we hold to their narrative, say that the place of the traitor was filled by his successor, Matthias. However this might be, the candles were lighted, and the heads of the church were summoned to attend; while the tapers continued to burn together, prayers were offered and hymns were sung; but when they flickered in their sockets, and first one, then another, went out, the anxiety of the

spectators became intense. At length ten of the twelve were extinct, St. James the Greater and St. Jude still casting on the cradle the light of their fast waning representatives.

The candle of St. James appeared likely to fail, when the queen, starting from her seat, could restrain herself no longer—"My son shall not be called Judas!" she exclaimed, "it is not a Christian name!" but while she was rushing forward to dash out the obnoxious taper, a moth flew in at the window and beat out its light with his wings; thus the queen was saved from what would have been a profanation, the prince from a name which, in spite of the merits of St. Jude, would hardly have been becoming for a King of Arragon; the most Jew-hating of nations, from a sovereign whose appellation would have savoured very decidedly of the synagogue; and the youthful heir of Arragon was called after the patron saint of Spain. All the bells in Montpelier were set ringing, festivities and rejoicing marked the happy day, and the pious queen, on her knees, vowed to devote herself to the Christian education of her heaven-named son.

The career of Don Jaime of Arragon was a fortunate one. At the age of seven years, by the death of his father, in 1213, he became King of Arragon, and the cortes of the kingdom, assembled at Lerida, solemnly swore allegiance to him as such. It may be esteemed one of the fortunate circumstances of his life, that, though by right of his mother he inherited the sceptre of Constantinople, the usurpation of Isaac Angelus saved him from the fate of governing that now contemptible empire, and the ministers of the young king were too wise to support his claim by force.

The Moors of the Balearic islands had long been noted for their piratical character, just as their Carthaginian predecessors had been in their day; and among the many princes whose subjects were oppressed, and the commerce of whose realms was impeded by their rovers, was Don Jaime of Arragon. He sent to the Moorish king of Majorca one of his ministers to complain of these piracies, but the ambassador was thrown into prison and otherwise ill-treated.

The king now determined to take the matter into his own hands, and assembling a force of

twenty thousand men, he set sail for the port of Salou, in Catalonia, on the 1st of September, 1229, landed a few days after in Majorca, obtained several successes over the Moors, and sat down before Palma, which after a long siege was taken by assault on the 31st of December following. James took possession of the island as his own property, divided it among his followers, and having arranged the affairs of his conquest to his satisfaction, returned to his peninsular dominions.

Palma appears to have suffered direly in this siege from famine, and the king's troops were but ill provided, if we are to trust the chronicle of Marsili. Among other picturesque descriptions, we are told that when the city was given up to pillage, the Moorish ladies brought out to the conquerors "gold and silver money, jewels of great price, bracelets of gold, pearls and precious stones, and all kinds of costly gems; these things they spread out before the armed men, and weeping bitterly, said to them in Saracen, 'Take all these, but give me food to eat.' So great was the eagerness for gain that for eight days the members of King James's household did not appear in

his presence, so occupied were they in searching for hid treasure."

Another extract tells us that "as neither cooks nor servants were to be found, and there was nothing to eat in the king's house, a certain lord of Arragon said to the king, 'Sire, I invite you because I have some victuals; they have just told me that there is a good cow at my lodging, there you shall have a repast, and shall sleep this night.' Whereat the king was greatly rejoiced, and followed the aforesaid lord."

Majorca was now a Christian possession, nor has it ever since passed from under the rule of Spain. But while Minorca, with its magnificent harbour, remained in the hands of the Moors, Don Jaime felt that his work was but half accomplished, and his new conquest insecure.

In the year 1232, he returned to the Balearic Islands with the determination to subjugate Minorca also. He took up his residence at Palma, and sent deputies to Cindadella, then the capital of the lesser island, requiring that the country should be at once surrendered to him, offering the inhabitants peace and protection if

they submitted, but threatening them with his severest displeasure if they compelled him to have recourse to arms. In the meantime he made every demonstration of readiness to begin the attack, and caused fires to be lighted on the coast of Majorca, opposite to the smaller island, in order to make the Moors believe that he had a great army ready there to invade them. The deliberations of the Mahometans were considerably abbreviated by these measures, and the chief, or almoxariffe, accordingly, waited on the king at Palma, and did homage, binding himself to hold Minorca henceforth for Don Jaime, and to pay a stipulated sum for his protection by way of annual tribute.

Previous to this conquest, Don Jaime exchanged the kingdom of Majorca with Don Pedro, the infante of Portugal, who governed it from the 28th of September, 1231, with an intermission of several years, to the year 1244, when he died and was buried in the sacristy of the Observantine convent which he had founded; the kingdom then returned to Don Jaime. This transaction is involved in great mystery. Don Jaime exchanged Majorca with Don Pedro for the county of Urgel. Shortly afterwards Don

Pedro again gave up Majorca to Don Jaime for the cities of Murviedro, Almenaia, Burriana, Segorve, and Morella. The first reign (if it may be so called) of Don Pedro did not last one year, for A. D. 1232, we find Don Jaime receiving the homage of the Minorcan almoxariffe. Don Pedro then seems to have gone on a kind of pilgrimage, and on his return again resumed, and doubtless by exchange, the kingdom of Majorca, in the enjoyment of which he died, A. D. 1244.

In the year 1235, the island of Iviça, or Iviza, or as the Moors called it, Jevisath, was taken from the Moors by an archbishop elect of Tarragona, and added to the Balearic kingdom. Another inexplicable incident in the life of Don Jaime is that while he retained in his own hands the sovereign authority, he divided his dominions between his two sons, giving to Don Pedro, the elder, Arragon, Valencia, and certain other provinces; and to Don Jaime, the younger, the Balearic Islands and some small peninsular states. He put them at once into possession of these territories, with the title of kings—and thus sowed discord between the brothers.

Pedro thought that his father's dominions

should have descended to him alone, and he was perfectly willing to wait for them; and it must be admitted that Don Jaime II. was far better qualified to adorn a private station, than to reign in a turbulent period.

On the death of the Conqueror in 1276, Don Jaime succeeded to the absolute rule in Majorca, and Don Pedro at once determined to annex his brother's kingdom to his own. Under pretext of making a descent on the coast of Africa, he landed at Mahon and compelled the Moorish almoxariffe to do homage to him. He seems to have contemplated the conquest of Majorca also, but death put a period to his projects shortly after his return to Arragon, A. D. 1278.

For a time Don Jaime II. enjoyed his kingdom in peace, but Alphonso III. of Arragon, who with his father's dominions had heired his resentments also, took up arms against his uncle, and, making his triumphant entry into Palma on the 19th of December, 1285, deposed that weak, but amiable monarch, and caused himself to be proclaimed king of Majorca. His first act was to fit out an expedition against the Minorcan Moors

who, though vassals of the Arragonese crown, still continued their piratical practices. In two battles the Moors were defeated, and the Almoxariffe, with the small remains of his army, shut themselves up in the fort of St. Agatha, a place considered to be absolutely impregnable.

The siege afforded many instances of most chivalrous valour, and the young monarch proved himself to be no unworthy descendant of the illustrious Conqueror, but, by any means then known, the place was really impregnable. It was, however, by reason of its very advantages, peculiarly liable to the horrors of famine. No sortie could be made with success, no provisions could be introduced, and after a long resistance the fortress honourably capitulated, and it was agreed that such of the defenders as could pay a certain ransom, should be conveyed to Africa, and that the rest should be made slaves.

This agreement was made on the 17th day of January, 1287, and on that same day the Almoxariffe and his family, with about one hundred other persons of importance, were put on board a ship and sailed for Barbary. That they never

reached their destination is certain; some say that the ship went down at sea; others, that the Moors were cast overboard by the Arragonese crew, and that the ship returned to Barcelona. About twenty thousand were sold as slaves, a worse fate than that which befel the Almoxariffe and his companions.

So terminated the Moorish dominion in the Balearic islands, after it had subsisted for more than five hundred years. The 17th of January is still held as a peculiarly solemn national festival in Minorca, and the 31st of December in Majorca, as the commencing periods respectively of Christian rule in the two islands; we shall see by-and-by how these and similar festivals are celebrated.

Don Alphonso did not live long to rule the new kingdom which he had conquered. He died A.D. 1298, and was succeeded by his son, Don Jaime II. of Arragon. This prince, acknowledging the injustice of his father and grandfather, restored his great-uncle, Don Jaime II. of Majorca, to the throne of the Balearic islands, only requiring that, as a younger son of the Conqueror, he should do homage to the crown of Arragon,

as possessed by the representative of the elder branch; to this condition Don Jaime willingly assented, and was accordingly replaced. He died A.D. 1311, having built many towns in Majorca, constructed the castle of Belver, turned the course of the little stream which runs into the sea by Palma, and which, when swollen by rain and mountain torrents, had done at many times much injury to the city, and built a monastery for his eldest son, leaving the kingdom to his second son, Don Sancho I. Don Jaime II. was so enthusiastic a sportsman, that he expended much care and treasure in procuring and multiplying a fine breed of partridges, which he procured from Valencia for the purpose.

We shall now exhibit in a tabular form, as a great historical curiosity, the succession to the Balearic monarchy from the year 1229 to the year 1311:—

Conquest of the island of Majorca . .	Don Jaime I. .	1229.
Exchange with the Infante	Don Pedro . .	1231.
Re-exchange	Don Jaime I. .	1236.
Restoration of the Infante	Don Pedro . .	1238.
Succession after Don Pedro's death .	Don Jaime I. .	1244.
Accession of the Conqueror's son . .	Jaime I. and II. .	1256.
After the Conqueror's death	Don Jaime II. .	1276.
Deposition of D. Jaime II.	Don Alphonso I.	1285.
After Alphonso's death	Don Jaime II. .	1298.
On the death of D. Jaime II. . . .	Don Sancho I. .	1311.

The character of Jaime II. may be well understood by the events of his reign. Unfit to govern, he proved a benefactor to his people only in times of profound peace, and these were necessarily few in a state of so small power, and surrounded by neighbours so mighty and so ambitious. He was not only learned, but an encourager of learning in others; and could he have enjoyed himself the life of literary leisure which he secured for his eldest son, his name would have descended to posterity with unmingled commendation.

Sancho I. reigned quietly, and kept on good terms with his cousin of Arragon. He died in 1332, and was succeeded by his nephew, Jaime III., who was less fortunate. A dispute arose, whether the province of Montpelier was an appanage of the Arragonese or the Majorcan crown. Don Pedro, who had succeeded to Alphonso IV. as king of Arragon, had looked with a covetous eye, ever since his accession, on the beautiful islands reigned over by Don Jaime, and cited him as his superior lord to a cortes held at Lerida. Don Jaime refused to come, and Pedro declared his dominions confiscated and himself deposed. This

sentence he carried into effect, for, landing in Majorca with an army far more powerful than any that Don Jaime could oppose to him, he possessed himself of the island, and the last king of the Balearic archipelago fell gallantly fighting at the head of his troops in the sanguinary battle of Lluchmayor. This event took place Aug. 25, 1349. The body of the king was taken to Valencia, and buried in the cathedral of that city. Thus terminated the independent monarchy of Majorca, having lasted from the Conquest one hundred and twenty years, and the islands formed from that time a dependency of the Arragonese crown.

Among the innumerable titles enjoyed by the kings of Spain are those of dukes of Athens and Neopatria (a title to a true Spaniard is a source of real and most unmistakeable *enjoyment*), and it was through the conquest of Majorca by Pedro IV. that these titles accrued to the kings of Arragon, and subsequently to the sovereigns of Spain. Jaime III. was the son of Don Fernando, the third son of Jaime II., and of Doña Isabel de Auria, princess of the Morea, to whom descended

the titles, but not the possessions in question, from the Duke of Burgundy and the Count of Magra, who conquered the Mores and Attica in 1110. The son of Jaime III. made an attempt, by the aid of Don Pedro of Castille, to recover his father's kingdom, and entitled himself Jaime IV. King of Majorca, but his attempt (made in 1371) was an unsuccessful one; and in the same year he died through excess in drinking. The real title of this prince was Duke of Clarence and Count of Montagrifo. The principality or dukedom of Clarence is Greek, and its adoption by the royal family of England has sometimes caused a little surprise.

Ferdinand the Catholic, by his marriage with Isabel, brought the crowns of Arragon and Majorca into union with those of Castille and Leon, and finally consolidated the Spanish monarchy. To Majorca he seems to have been much attached, and founded the university of Palma as a mark of his favour, conferring on it the same privileges as on that of Lerida. Here were printed the first productions of the Majorca press, A.D. 1485, two of the earliest of which I had the pleasure of

examining. They are the work of Nicolau Calafat.* One of these is however printed at Valdemosa.

In 1520 an attempt was made to establish Majorca as a republic, nor was it till three years later that Charles V. found leisure to reduce his disaffected province, when the leaders of the insurrection, Colom and Crespi, suffered death. Some hopes were raised, seventy years afterwards, of effecting the same purpose, when Don Juan de Lanuza attempted to raise a revolt in Arragon, to reobtain the ancient *fueros* of that kingdom; but these were quickly extinguished by the entire failure of his patriotic design, and the execution of himself and his two lieutenants, Juan de Lerna and Diego de Heredia.†

* The title of one is "Devota Contemplaciō y meditacions de la via sacra. Estampada en Casa de Trinidad de Miramar de la vila de Valdemosa en la mayor illa Balear per Mestre Nicolau Calafat Nadiu de dita vila, a. a. de calendas de Febrer, añys de Salut MCCCCLXXXVII."

† These three unsuccessful but meritorious men were by a decree of the general Cortes of Spain, April 14, 1822, declared to have deserved well of their country, and a monument was ordered to be erected on the spot where they were executed, which monument, like many others in Spain, *está por ser acabado.*

The annals of Majorca present few events of much historical interest from that time. Famines and pestilences occurred with far more frequency than the healthfulness of the climate and the fertility of the soil would lead us to expect. The plague of 1652 swept off 20,000 victims, one-third of the then population of the island. Agriculture, however, must have been at a very low ebb; for during the whole reign of Charles II. bands of robbers devastated the interior of the island, not unfrequently adding murder to brigandage. Much land, too, was allowed to remain uncultivated, on account of lawsuits between the clergy and the lay proprietors; these were settled by a general agreement in the year 1665. In the meantime the Algerine Moors made continual descents on the coasts, and kept the islands in a constant state of terror and agitation. One of these deserves especial notice. In the year 1535, Barbarossa, a pirate chief noted for his valour and cruelty, disembarked at Port Mahon, and laid regular siege to the city. The magistrates entered into a secret treaty with him, offering him one hundred young ladies of the best families

in the country, and the pillage of the city, if he would leave untouched their own houses and families. Barbarossa accepted the terms, received the keys of the city from the hands of one of the corporation, and respected the houses and families of the treacherous magistrates. He took as slaves eight hundred of the inhabitants, killed a great many more, and loaded his ships with all the wealth the town contained. The detestable act of the magistrates was some time after discovered; they expiated their crime on the gibbet, and were afterwards quartered;—one of the few cases in which capital punishment can be looked at without horror.

In 1717 the *fueros* of Majorca were abolished, and the senate suppressed, a body of great antiquity, and whose purple stripes served (say the Balearic chroniclers) as a model for the laticlave and angusticlave of Rome!

The historians of Majorca seem to have viewed with a pardonable but mistaken partiality the era of their independent monarchy, and have lamented the decline of the island's prosperity since the loss of that independence. The discovery of a

new world, the commerce of which was principally carried on in Cadiz and Seville, and the circumnavigation of Africa, which had furnished the Portuguese with a new road for the productions of India, tended undoubtedly to reduce the mercantile importance of Palma and Mahon; but these islands are only now developing their resources, and bid fair to be as flourishing as they are beautiful.

The fate of Minorca requires a page or two more. Even in the times of the Carthaginians, it seems to have been preferred to the larger island; and though Majorca was most coveted by the Moors, yet Minorca has been most fiercely contended for in modern times. As a maritime station, it was of great importance to any power seeking to establish itself in the Mediterranean, and the English have more than once taken possession of it. The first time was in the year 1708, when after the reduction of Sardinia, and the return of the English fleet to the coast of Catalonia, Major-General Stanhope sailed for Minorca, and after a sharp resistance Port Mahon was surrendered to him, and he took possession

of the whole island in the name of Carlos III. At the treaty of Utrecht it was yielded to the English, and so remained till 1757, when it was lost through the mismanagement of the unfortunate Admiral Byng. In 1798 it was again taken by Sir Charles Stewart, and remained in the possession of England for four years, when it was restored by treaty to Spain.

During the time that the English kept it, Port Mahon was a town of consequence, and the full advantage was taken of its spacious and commodious harbour. The population increased; houses were built in the English style; the produce of the land was augmented, and habits of industry seemed likely to take root. Nor is this to be wondered at; there is more Moorish blood in Minorca than in any part of Spain, and were industry encouraged, the active habits of the old Moors would soon reproduce themselves. Motives of exertion ceased when the English departed; the best market was taken away; there was no encouragement for industry, no aid or instruction in the improvement of agriculture or manufactures, and while the capital declined, the whole

island sank back into lethargy. A gleam of returning prosperity shone on Minorca when the Americans selected the harbour of Mahon as a rendezvous for their ships in the Mediterranean; but after a few years they found Genoa more convenient, and Minorca was again abandoned to its fate. There are now, however, more satisfactory grounds for hope; as Majorca rises, the lesser island must, though perhaps slowly, rise with her; and even the little Iviça, at present scarcely a step above barbarism, must share in the general developement.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—AFRICAN APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—ATTIRE OF THE PEASANTRY—HOSPITALITY—MANUFACTURES—COMMERCE OF CATALONIA—SPANISH CUSTOM-HOUSES, AMUSING ANECDOTES OF—SMUGGLING IN SPAIN AND MAJORCA—FESTIVALS—SINGULAR CUSTOMS—DANCING IN CHURCH—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—NATIONAL CUISINE—THE PUCHERO—GENTLENESS OF CHARACTER—HORROR OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS—CONTRIVANCES TO AVOID THEM—SINGULAR TRIAL AT MALAGA—MILITARY JUSTICE—RARITY OF MURDERS—STONE CROSSES—FALLING INTO DECAY.

THE inhabitants of Majorca are, generally speaking, of the middle stature and clear olive complexions. There is about as much mixture of Moorish blood in them as in the Andalusians; but owing to their insular situation, and the comparatively little communication they have with the rest of the world, there is much more remaining of the old half-African way of life. It is impossible to ramble about the island without being struck with this, and taken in connexion

with the simplicity and gentleness of the people, it gives a peculiar interest t all that surrounds the traveller. The palm-tree, the hedges of cactus and aloes; the shepherds attired in a kind of cloak made of goat-skin; the *pagès*, or peasantry, with the loose wide drawers of blue cotton tied under the knee, the legs bare, and the head covered with a twisted handkerchief; the women in the African bornouse, (a long dress of blue cotton enveloping the head as well as the person;) all speak a language which tells us that we are midway between Europe and Africa, and must look for the peculiarities of both.

The costume of the pagès on holidays is somewhat altered; he attires himself in a blue mantle of cloth, and covers his head with a hat, the brim of which is as big round as an ordinary loo-table. No door in the island, save those of the churches, will allow him to enter with this most extraordinary contrivance on his head, so he takes it off and introduces it sideways; it is well called a "*sombrero*," for it is larger than most English umbrellas! This hat is worn by the priests throughout Spain, but they roll up the brim on

both sides, so that they have a huge cylinder for a hat, worn lengthways, and extending two feet in front and as much behind. The dress of the women is either the bornouse, which effectually conceals all else, or a corset and short petticoat surmounted by the rebozillo. This last is indispensable at fêtes, and the pagèsa would think herself all unadorned, if this favourite national article of apparel did not make a part of her attire. Its material differs according to the means and taste of the wearer, but its form is always the same. It is generally made of white calico, covers the head, gathers close round the throat, and then falls in plaits more or less graceful over the breast. The face is thus framed, as it were, in white, and it sets off to some advantage the black hair and dark soft eyes of the Majorcan village belles. It does duty for a good deal of clothing, which might, could, would, or should be underneath; so that on festival days, when the rebozillo is made of fine transparent cambric, the young damsels are rather liberal than chary in the display of their attractions.

The ladies of the higher class *were*, till lately,

admirers of the saya and mantilla. This graceful old Spanish dress is now gradually becoming obsolete, and Paris is dictating fashions to Palma. This is more to be regretted as the Majorcans do not appear to have much eye for colours, and very incongruous tints are frequently seen in places of public resort.

The character of these interesting islanders has been inferred from much of what has been already said; but it merits a more particular commendation. So remarkable is their honesty that locks are almost useless in Majorca. No one thinks of securing his property from robbers, for there are none. Petty larceny is almost as much unknown as highway robbery, and a murder is a portent which fills the whole island with consternation. In twelve years there had been but two cases of assassination, and these were by Catalan seamen in the port of Palma; so that, were the nobility less fond of living a little beyond their income, and were the Jews with their ready money absent, and were going to law a less favourite amusement, the courts of justice might be closed from one year's end to another, and

nobody would feel the loss. If a dispute arises among the poor they settle it on the spot with their fists; and though they are rather careful not to hurt one another, they yet consider the "satisfaction" sufficiently ample. The *navaja* has no office, the *cuchillado* no existence, and duelling is an exotic that has never taken root there. Life and property are far more secure in the island of Majorca than even in the island of Great Britain. Hospitality is universal; one or two good introductions would frank a stranger through the whole island; and for two centuries the only instance of anything like a fierce or vindictive spirit on the part of the islanders was when, in 1810, the populace of Palma rose *en masse* to destroy the French prisoners in the city, and these last were obliged to be transported to the island of Cabrera to be safe from the popular feeling.

Is then the golden age returned? Are there no drawbacks to this delightful picture? Yes, there are some. The mass of the populace is ignorant and slothful, and yet both these failings are being gradually remedied. A good deal of

weaving goes on at Palma, and the cotton and linen cloth made there is transported to Cuba and Manilla. Their looms are of a very primitive character, and would no doubt occasion "inextinguishable laughter" at Manchester; but I saw one man with a loom of modern construction, and he spoke as though he felt the superiority which his more perfect machine gave him, and even threw out a hint of effectual protection to native industry! I reminded him that in Chili, when a single stocking-frame was put up, the government prohibited the importation of foreign stockings, so that the Chilians had to choose between smuggling and becoming lay members of the order of *descalzados*. To which he replied with the very satisfactory argument, that Chili and Majorca were very different places! After this there was no more to say.

And here I would venture a few words as to the contraband trade so abundantly carried on in Spain. We hear sometimes much complaint about the non-establishment of a commercial treaty with Great Britain on the part of Spain; but only those who know the country can estimate the difficulties

that stand in the way. In the first place there is the ostensible reason, the jealousy of manufacturing Catalonia; and Barcelona is making rapid strides towards becoming the Manchester of Spain. The concluding a commercial treaty with Great Britain, would be the signal for a more dangerous "*pronunciamento*" in the Catalonian capital than any caused by mere political motives, and one which the guns of Mont Juich could not quell, nor the execution of a few hundred prisoners eradicate. Spain will require a great deal more education and a vastly stronger executive before she can venture on free trade; but even suppose that enlightenment obtained, and that strength supplied, there remains behind the deep-seated corruption of the whole Spanish system. A most noble people, the details of their government are carried on in the most ignoble way, and there are no such effectual encouragers of contraband commerce in Spain as the very officers employed to suppress it.

A short time ago, an English gentleman entered Spain by way of Perpignan; he had with him a fowling-piece and a pair of pistols, which are liable, though private property and not intended

for sale, to a heavy duty. He was reminded at La Junquera of the necessity of "satisfying" the aduana with respect to his "*escopeta*" and pistols. Taking from his pocket a dollar, he addressed the chief officer.

"Señor Mio, would you do me the great kindness to give this to your '*mozos*'?"

This request having been graciously received, the Englishman continued—

"'*Caballero*,' there is no '*escopeta*;' what they take for such is a walking-stick, with a long iron ferule and a thick handle."

"Oh, I see," said the officer; "a very natural mistake; your *stick* shall pass. But now about the pistols."

"Señor Mio, this is another '*equivocacion*'" (an equivocation in Spanish means a mistake). "Should I be trespassing too much on your well-known courtesy, if I were to beg your young men to accept this trifle (another dollar), as a mark of my esteem for yourself?"

"Caballero, you are very good and polite," (the Spanish is, You are very formal and accomplished.) "I have nothing with me but a couple of muffins."

"I understand perfectly well," said the officer; and pointing to a tell-tale powder flask which hung from the traveller's belt, "this I suppose is the muffineer!"

The two gentlemen exchanged bows, and the Englishman carried his walking stick and muffins through Catalonia.

My friend, Mr. Mandslay, obtained admission for similar articles in a not dissimilar way; and if you choose to be very ceremonious, a few pesetas will open all the custom-house barriers in Spain. I heard last summer of a very meritorious Spanish gentleman, who had been dismissed from the *aduana* at Seville, because he refused to be a partaker in some weighty "*transaccions*" that were being carried on there. Some years ago I know that corn was taken to Malaga and sold as Spanish corn, which had been grown in South Russia, and shipped from Odessa to Gibraltar, and this was done in the most barefaced way imaginable. A permit and specification were purchased at Seville for a certain number of fanegas of Spanish corn; the ship to be freighted therewith proceeded at once to Gibraltar and purchased the Odessa grain,

then went on to Malaga and landed the prohibited wheat under a false title. It was in vain that the Malaga officers pointed out the peculiarities of the corn, all the proprietor would do was to exhibit his certificate. The fraud was apparent enough, but had the introduction of the corn been resisted, there would have ensued an interminable suit between the custom-house authorities of Malaga and those of Seville, and in such cases the wrong always prevails.

The life of a contrabandista is one of much anxiety and excitement, and his calling neither lowers him in his own eyes nor in those of the public. The possession of Gibraltar by the English is a great assistance to these gentry. It is here that they make their purchases; and there are persons called *corredores* whose business it is to land cargoes of cotton and tobacco on points of the coast signified to them by their contraband employers. The landing is generally accomplished by the connivance of the coast-guard, to whom a regular payment is made, called *el seguro*, by the contrabandista for each bale, and as the more bales the more *seguro*, the coast-guard generally

come themselves to see that they are not cheated. The corredor makes his bales as large as he can, without any regard to the unhappy mules whose backs are to bear the burden; for a bale is a bale, big or little. Sometimes, when the contraband party are strong, they fight their way and carry their cargoes into the interior in defiance of the guard. There exists, however, no great friendship between them, in spite of the continual treaties they make, nor is good faith always kept on the part of the revenue officers. Of this the following anecdote will be an instance:—

During the last revolution, a certain great firm in Malaga made a contract with the coast-guard to allow a valuable cargo of English manufactures to be landed at a given point. The sum proposed (2,000*l.* sterling) was accepted; the troops were carefully directed to other points; and the landing was safely effected. The goods were now placed in boxes used for raisins, and the proprietor appeared with his string of mules at the gates of Malaga. But here, the unluckly merchant was taken aside, and informed that the stipulation was only for landing, and not for delivering goods or

allowing them to be delivered in Malaga, and that he must therefore not only forfeit his 2,000*l.*, but also submit to see his whole cargo confiscated!

Ferdinand VII. tried in vain to put down smuggling. He farmed the revenue of the custom-house to a M. Riera in 1826, and this gentleman fitted out five felucca, and acted with such spirit and determination that he all but succeeded in his task. However, when he fancied himself sure of success, he found that the captains of his felucca were all corrupted, and had become contrabandistas themselves. After trying in vain to effect his purpose by interesting the subalterns in the prizes taken, he discovered that illicit traffic was now carried on by the aid of Genoese merchants, who furnished ships with papers to Genoa, and then sent them to refresh in Malaga harbour, where they stayed till they had done all they wanted. In fact, more than one-third of the trade in the Peninsula is contraband, and those who carry it on are too numerous and too powerful to be thwarted by any government that would long maintain an existence.

Smuggling is carried on to a considerable

extent in the Balearic Islands, but as the population is comparatively small, it does not sufficiently prevail to affect seriously the morals of the people. Their own wares find a ready market, and their temperate and quiet habits render them very independent of foreign luxuries. That they are remarkable for industry cannot be said—they are fond of amusement, and the number of holydays their church affords them are very rigidly kept; not indeed with puritanical severity as we shall presently see, but with a zest and heartiness and freedom from guile that makes them truly delightful. The pagesos in their gayest attire, sometimes in a kind of carriage, holding seven or eight, or even more, (and how they ever get along what they call roads is a miracle of no common order;) faithful lovers walking, not arm in arm, but linked together by the little fingers,—to walk arm in arm would be thought indelicate, to walk separate would be considered insensible, and so they compromise the matter,—rich and poor, old and young, flock together to the village fiesta. Dancing is kept up with great spirit, and the bagpipe, the national instrument, intones away in a

style which would do a Caledonian's heart good to hear.

The funds for these festivals are sometimes provided by the neighbouring nobility; but more often they depend on the dancing mania. The privilege of dancing alone at the beginning of the ball is purchased at a high price, and the couple who attain the honour only do so after a severe competition on the part of the cavaliers; the longest purse, or the freest hand, carries the day, and the successful claimant, with his *querida*, exhibit their saltatory graces to an envious multitude. The second dance costs less, the third less again, till at last the price comes down to two or three reals.

When the *primera mateixa* has been danced, the lover dances no more with the lady of his choice, he sits admiringly on the ground, holds her fan and handkerchief, and watches, with pleased eye, her graceful evolutions. Thus it comes to pass that the engaged youth dances but little with his querida, and not at all with anybody else. A gentleman asked a youth whether he had danced *sa primera mateixa*, and whether he

had a *querida?* He replied, that he had not yet been able to save money enough for the *primera mateixa*, but he had selected a *querida*, because, as he very naïvely remarked, it would be thought strange if he did not. This feeling prevails from a very early age, and its effects are not favourable to the morals of the people, nor are they so careful in this respect as could be wished. Greatly superior in general conduct to the Malagenos, there is yet a great degree of indifference among them as to personal virtue, which is the greatest, if not the sole failing, with which they are generally chargeable. In other respects, their simplicity and innocence are above all praise.

The only instance I saw during my stay in the island of attempted chicanery, was so awkwardly managed, so transparent in its design, and so clumsy in its execution, as to leave no doubt on my mind that the offender was quite a beginner, and this was his first attempt; nor do I think he will ever repeat it; the man was too innately honest to succeed when he tried to be a cheat; and this was so clear to M.'s mind, that he declared he liked the poor fellow all the better for

it, and had serious thoughts of engaging him as his own servant, and bringing him to England.

I have said that their church affords the islanders abundance of holidays, of which they are not slow to avail themselves, and these are occasionally celebrated in a way which Protestants would consider sadly unbecoming the dignity and decorum of religious rites; a few specimens will show this. It is no uncommon thing for a masked ball to be held in the church itself! There is one particular kind of dance, called "*el baile dels cocies*," which is always performed there, and which is perpetrated on this wise. The performers are nine in number; two are called *diablos*, and affect an attire as *diabolico* as they can invent, not forgetting horns, hoofs, and a tail: one is called *the lady*, la dama, and the beard, moustache and embrowned complexion tend doubtless to set off the feminine apparel: the remaining six are called *cocies*. These all go accompanied by the rest of the revellers to the church, where mass is celebrated, and a sermon in Mallorquin preached; hitherto the masquers have kept in the porch, but now they enter the church, and a dance is com-

menced in the centre, of which the chief characteristic is that it sets all grace and elegance, and (considering the place) decorûm itself at defiance, every kind of tumbling, antic, and buffoonery takes its turn. The *diablos* and *cocies*, armed with thick sticks, cudgel heartily all gentlemen whom they can get near, and though there are frequently broken heads, yet there has never been known any serious breach of the peace to result from these gambols.

The same cannot be said of the corresponding feast in Catalonia, *el baile dels bastons*. Madame Dudevant describes in her journal her momentary terror at a similar masquerade, which took place on Shrove Tuesday, in the cell of an ex-nun! and who kept up the strange amusement till the middle of the night. Such scenes must make the religion which authorizes and sanctifies them, acceptable to an unthinking and half-civilized people, but assuredly to no others.

As it is in Spain, so also here, none would omit to salute any person whom they met; but the religious phraseology of Spain does not prevail, or, if at all, to a very slight extent. The peasantry

say to one another, *bon di*, or *bon nit*, and to their superiors in station, *bon di tenga*, or *bon nit tenga;* this is the sole distinction, and the person saluted replies, using the *tenga* or not according as he deems the saluter to be his equal or his inferior.

Majorca does not abound in carriages; the chief families keep very antediluvian-looking vehicles, some of which are of great antiquity; and as travelling in a carriage is all but impracticable in the interior, and the streets of Palma are not particularly well adapted for carriage exercise, the coaches in question are rather articles of pomp and family display, than intended to serve any useful purpose. The people of Palma boast that they had carriages long before they were known even in Madrid, for that the first coach seen there was that of Doña Juana la Loca, in 1555, and that forty-four years previously to that era, they were sufficiently common in Palma for there to be a competition among the nobles in the luxury of their equipages; one, noted as among the most splendid, being that of Don Pelayo Quint.

The Majorcans of all classes, save the poorest,

bury their dead with great pomp and ceremony. Among the nobility, mourning hoods, scarfs and veils are provided for a numerous attendance; the houses are hung with black cloth; the escutcheon of the deceased is suspended over every door of the house in which he lived, and of the church at which he is interred. A bier is constructed, covered with embroidery, and surrounded by twenty-four torches, besides an immense number of other lights; so that when the pious legacies, rarely forgotten, are taken into consideration, the estate is sometimes seriously dilapidated by the death of its owner; thus the term, "*som quedat mort y destrudt*" may be extended to the heritage as well as to its late lord. Philip II. in 1582, attempted to restrain these excessive expenses, and did a little curtail them by law; but they still obtain, to the great benefit of Majorcan undertakers. As in Spain, cards are sent to the survivors, beseeching their prayers for the soul of the departed, "*que en paz descansa.*"

The Majorcan *cuisine* is in essentials Spanish, and does not deserve the execration which has been so liberally bestowed upon it. It may be

said to hold a middle place between that of Castille and that of Andalusia, and bears token of Valencian origin. Oil and garlic do not form the staple of it, though the first is liberally used, and a *soupçon* of the latter is not considered objectionable. A good *puchero* is at all times a good dish, and the following recipe is by no means the worst out of the many with which Spanish books abound. Take a good sized fowl, a tolerably sized piece of bacon, another of beef, two or three tomatas, any kind of greens in season, a couple of handfuls of split peas, (if they can be procured, the large Spanish pea called *garbanzo* should be taken,) as many haricots, three or four *chorizos*, hot red dry sausages from Estramadura, which are as fit to eat raw as a pickled poker made red hot. If chorizos are not to be obtained, salpicon must take their place; these are to be boiled or stewed all together till thoroughly tender. Ten minutes before taking the puchero from the fire a large slice of bread is put in, and when done the bread is placed at the bottom of a tureen, a wine-glass full of fine oil poured over it, and then the broth or *sopa*. It is needless to say that pepper, red,

white and black, and salt, must be used in the stewing. A few chilies or bird peppers are approved condiments, and a handful of Iceland moss is a great advantage. The peas and beans, which are both boiled in separate nets, are placed in separate dishes: the fowl, greens, beef, chorizos and bacon follow the same rule, and the dinner is complete. I have tried this in England as well as eaten it in Spain, and any reader who desires to obtain an experimental knowledge of Spanish cookery without crossing the Pyrenees or the Bay of Biscay, may rest assured that he will not regret having dined *à l'Espagnol*. There is no mention here of shallots or garlic, which may be added if thought advisable, and which are not always excluded in Spain, while, on the other hand, some English tastes would omit the oil.

All who have read Don Quixote will remember that among those homely luxuries which consumed the three parts of his estate, one was "*salpicon las mas noches.*" This salpicon is a preparation of pork, chopped, salted, peppered, and smoked; and taken in this state, as it is very often in Spain, it amazingly resembles very salt oakum, soaked in

a strong infusion of cayenne pepper, but when put into a stew, or boiled with vegetables, it becomes a delicacy of no mean order, and I think that if it were generally known in this country, it would be greatly in demand.

The puchero then, compounded somewhat after this fashion, is the standing dish at Majorcan tables. Not that it stands there alone, for the pig furnishes a great deal in all shapes, and there are said to be one hundred and forty different ways in which his flesh is prepared. So that a Majorcan might not unfrequently say, like a certain Savoyard,—"We live well in our house: we have six kinds of meat—pork, sausages, pig, ham, brawn, and bacon."

There is a particular kind of tart made in the islands of slices of pork and tomatas rather highly seasoned, and varied with salpicon. This being adorned with cross bars of paste, occasionally deceives the unwary traveller, who expects some cooling fruit, and is altogether unprepared for so savoury and fiery a compound as he finds it to be.

But if there be somewhat too much pepper in Majorcan cookery, they make up for it by the

abundance and excellence of their refreshing beverages. Lemonade, orgeat, *agraz frio*, and other like drinks, are nowhere to be obtained better than in the cafés of Palma. The white wines are as rich and sweet as it is possible to be, particularly that of Albaflor; but as the whole people are extremely moderate in their use of them, and as the red wine, which when mingled largely with water forms the common drink of the people, is wretchedly spoiled in the making, so the stranger will be generally obliged to make water, with a little lemonade or orgeat, his usual beverage.

The temperance of all classes is a Spanish characteristic, but there is another which is peculiarly Majorcan,—it is the high value set upon human life. Not only are murders of extremely rare occurrence, but when capital punishment is inflicted—and this awful and brutalizing spectacle is happily of extreme rarity—the larger portion of the more educated classes, and not a few of the others also, shut themselves up in their houses, that they may not by chance be spectators of a scene so frightful. When a few years ago some

soldiers were shot in the plaza at Palma, it is a fact that not only was there no gathering together of a savage and demoralized mob to witness the dying agonies of a fellow creature, but that incredible multitudes left the city till the execution was over, that they might not hear the discharge of that musketry which announced the slaughter of human beings! Another moral lesson which Majorca reads to Protestant and enlightened England.

In Spain, too, cheaply as life is reckoned when taken in the field or even by the vengeful hand of the assassin, the punishment of death is universally execrated. When an execution takes place, there is, as among ourselves, a crowd, and a singular circumstance is sometimes observed, (I noticed it once myself,) that mothers take their children and pinch and slap them, in order to associate pain and suffering in their minds with that of a malefactor's end.

The present mode of inflicting death throughout the Spanish dominions is by the *garrote vil*. The criminal is placed in a chair, and strangled by the sudden tightening of an iron collar fastened round

his neck. Before the introduction of this instrument, criminals were hanged as in England. But all Spanish courts avail themselves of every technicality to save the lives of their prisoners; appeal after appeal is permitted, and as much as a year and a half has been known to elapse between conviction and execution. In addition to this feeling, which commutes the sentence of nearly one half of the Spanish criminals, there was formerly another chance of escape; for by a custom which gradually obtained the force of law, if the rope destined to take the life of a man broke while being used for that purpose, he became free, and was dismissed by the priest after a severe penance. It was found soon that halters in Spain were peculiarly brittle ropes, and the secret transpired that the clergy, under pretence of blessing the ropes, contrived to soak them in a solution of acid, till they were no longer capable of bearing the weight of a man! This should be told to the credit of the Roman Catholic priesthood when other tales are told against them.

A murder which took place in 1838 in Malaga, when that city was in a state of siege and under

martial law, was attended by circumstances so striking that it deserves to be noted, and the more so as it was universally admitted in Malaga that the principal culprit would have escaped had he been tried by a civil and not a military tribunal. A young gentleman, Don José —, connected with the best families in Malaga, was leaving a *tertulia* rather late in the evening, and was joined at the door by a *sereno* or watchman. As they proceeded together, a man rushed out from a dark passage, and throwing a cloak over the head of the watchman, stabbed Don José to the heart. He fell dead instantly, but the assassin would have escaped had he not been stopped by a military patrol. He was taken before the Captain-general, his hands yet red with the blood of his victim, and to the astonishment of that functionary, he at once acknowledged himself to be the guilty party, and stated that he had been hired to do this deed of blood for the sum of eight ounces of gold, which money he had received from Don Juan —, one of the chief advocates of the city. The police immediately proceeded to that gentleman's residence, where he was found in bed. Being confronted with

the bravo, whose name was Rosas, he declared that he not only was innocent of the crime laid to his charge, but that he had never even seen the murderer before. The judge ordered that he should be brought into the presence of the murdered body, and that there, laying his hand upon it, he should declare himself innocent, invoking perdition on his own soul if what he averred were not true. This ordeal he complied with, but with such signs of terror and agitation, that he was prejudged to be guilty.

According to the depositions of Rosas there was another accomplice, viz. the wife of the deceased, who was (as he said) carrying on an intrigue with Don Juan, and who intended on the murder of her husband to marry him. But as the lady was in an advanced state of pregnancy, it was not considered decorous to bring her before a council of war, and on account of this feeling of delicacy, *no proceedings whatever* were instituted against her.

The day after the murder, the two prisoners were brought before a military court on the spot where the crime had been committed; Rosas with

his hands confined in wooden boxes, and tied up to his neck, that he might not efface the blood which stained them: his aspect was most ferocious. Don Juan, a young man scarcely thirty, presented every appearance of mildness and humanity, but it was observed that he had more the air of a man certain of impunity than of one really innocent.

The whole city was in commotion, and opinions were equally divided, first, whether Don Juan would be found guilty or not; and secondly, if found guilty, whether he would be executed. So much, indeed, did doubts prevail on the subject, that the father of Don José thought it necessary to present himself before the Captain-general to demand justice on the murderers of his son. He was dismissed with the assurance that justice should take its course, and in order to prevent either rescue or escape, both which were feared, the two criminals were ordered to be confined in an apartment of the palace, and it was directed that the six captains who were to form the council of war should not be ballotted for till one hour before the time of trial.

At the hour appointed, the convent of St. Philip, where the court-martial was held, was besieged by so vast a multitude that it was deemed advisable to have all the troops under arms, and the scene that followed was one of striking and barbaric interest. The two prisoners were placed at the bar, and the act of indictment was read. They were then called upon to answer.

Rosas, speaking first, now denied his participation in the deed. He stated that Don Juan alone was the murderer, when the president striking the table, the ranks of soldiers surrounding it opened, and made way for four men dressed in black, and bearing the coffin of the murdered man, with the body placed in it precisely as it had fallen to the ground, blood-stained and dishevelled. At its feet were laid a mantle, the gory weapon with which the murder had been accomplished, and a broken lanthorn belonging to the *sereno*.

"Prisoners!" exclaimed the President, "behold the body of your victim; it is in this solemn presence that you, Rosas, are to disprove the accusation of having struck the blow; you, Don Juan, of having hired the assassin!"

Rosas resumed his defence unmoved. It was, that he had long known Don Juan, and that this latter, to screen himself and his mistress from the consequences of their guilty attachment, had endeavoured to induce him to murder Don José; that they had sought several interviews with him for that purpose, and that he had steadily refused; that they had promised him 20,000 reals, (about 210*l.* sterling); that Don Juan had mentioned the wealth and influence of his family, referred to his own expectations of being soon elected alcaide of the city, and promised him a profitable employment when that event should take place; that since he would not undertake the assassination, Don Juan had determined to undertake it himself, but that he had accompanied him; that when Don Juan had struck the blow he gave the knife to Rosas to defend himself from the sereno. To all this Don Juan replied only by faint protestations of his innocence; his counsel was afterwards heard in his defence, and the court, after a short deliberation, found both prisoners guilty, and ordered them to be shot that same afternoon.

The defence of Rosas was delivered, not in the

calm judicial way in which it is here related, but with much energy and passion, intermixed with many adjurations and protestations, and generally in the form of indignant questions to Don Juan. But it must be recollected that the lady of Don José was not called, nor her servant, whom Rosas implicated, nor the servant of Don Juan, who was found in bed immediately after the perpetration of the murder. No allowance was made for the good character of Don Juan, or the infamous one of Rosas, nor was any notice taken of the singular assertion of the latter, that it was his determination as soon as he had received the money stipulated, to escape without committing the crime. No heed was given to the difference between the sum Rosas stated as promised, viz. 210*l.* sterling, and that which he admitted himself to have received, viz. eight onzas, or about 22*l.*, nor was there any search made in the house of Don Juan for the garments which he had last worn, and which might have afforded evidence of great value. Finally, no attempt was made either to substantiate or to invalidate the charge made against the wife of Don José, the most important question of

all for the ends of justice, as furnishing the only proof of motive against the unhappy advocate.

As soon as the verdict had been given, the advocate of Don Juan took exception to the proceedings of the court on the ground that the members had not attended a mass of the Holy Ghost previous to sitting in judgment, as they were bound to do by the articles of war; this the president overruled, stating that it should have been tendered before, and not after the trial had concluded.

When the two prisoners were led out for execution, they were placed on two seats, and between them the body of the victim. Rosas maintained to the last his imperturbable *sang froid*, persisting in the absolute truth of all he had stated. Don Juan was in a state approaching to distraction; he refused the entreaties of his confessor to acknowledge his guilt, and only cried, "It is enough, let them shoot me."

Whether they thought Don Juan innocent, or whether it was merely a remarkable instance of *esprit de corps*, certain it is that the advocates of Malaga followed in a body to the grave in the

Campo Santo the remains of their brother, his family having succeeded in obtaining the body from the Captain-general.

During the time that I was in Majorca, a murder, the first for many years, was said to be committed. I say, said to be committed, because it does not appear that the death of the person who suffered was intended. An old lady, who lived alone in a country house, a short distance from Soller, was found one morning bound hand and foot, and quite dead; in another room was found her only attendant, a middle-aged woman, bound also and gagged, but without other injury. The house had been stripped of all that it contained most valuable, and the deceased was known to have property of considerable value in chests such as furnish every house in Majorca. It appeared that there were no marks on the person of the deceased, and that she had in all probability died of the terror caused by being thus seized and bound. I did not remain long enough to know what was the result of the investigations then instituted, but I am by no means inclined to think, in spite of the universal commotion excited, that

they terminated in the execution of the accused parties.

A great change must have taken place in the character of these islands; two centuries ago they were scenes of constant pillage and destruction. Even one century ago the Minorcans did not enjoy the best reputation, and both islands were studded with crosses, indicating the place where some unhappy wayfarer had met his death from the hands of assassins. Those of stone are now hoary with age, those of wood have long mouldered away, and if a new one is now erected, it is to mark the place of an *accidental* death. Between Raxa and Fuente Seca there is one where a wealthy farmer had fallen down in an apoplectic fit.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT—BISHOPRIC OF PALMA—SANTA CATALINA—SAINT VINCENT FERRER—THE INQUISITION—ITS MONUMENTS—TREATMENT OF JEWS—CHURCHES—CONTEMPT FOR THEM—VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION—SPECIMENS OF ITS SEVERITY—CHURCH IN MINORCA—CHAPEL OF SAINT AGATHA—MARRIAGE—CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG MAJORCAN COUPLE—CUSTOMS IN THE CHURCHES—MODE OF ADORNING.

THE Church of Majorca, it is needless to say, is the Church of Spain, *i. e.* the Roman Catholic. The province of the Balearic Islands forms a bishopric taking its title from Palma, and the endowments of the Church are richer here than on the mainland. The clergy are a more aristocratic class of men than the generality are in Spain, and if not highly educated are at least on a par with their continental brethren. There is here, as in Spain, a great degree of infidelity among the higher classes, and an equal amount of superstition among the lower. We have already

seen what kind of amusement the Church provides and permits. The information furnished is of the same class. Majorca boasts miracles in its ecclesiastical history, and saints to adorn its annals. One of these, and the most worshipped in the present day, is Doña, or Santa Catalina Tomas, born "for the great glory *of God and of Valdemosa* at that town," or as it claims to be called city, towards the close of the sixteenth century. She was canonized by Pope Pius VI. A.D. 1792, and may be taken as a recent example of saintly merits. Her life, too, has been written by Cardinal Antonio Despuig, one of the most eminent men that Majorca has ever produced, and as the chief Majorcan saint, she merits a little of our attention.

"From her earliest youth," says her biographer, "she perceived the merits of fasting and penance, abstaining entirely at the periods prescribed by the Church, and taking only one repast a-day at other times." She was "devotedly attached to the *passion* of the Redeemer and the *dolours* of his holy mother," and not being allowed a rosary on account of her childhood, she made one of lentiles that she might be devoutly occupied in her walks.

Her holy aversion to "*balls*" and "*profane diversions*" earned for her the surname of *la viejacita*, "the Little Old Woman," but in her retreat she was attended by saints and angels. Our blessed Lord is said to have made himself, his mother, and his disciples her servants. St. Mary watched over her in her sickness; St. Bruno helped her up if she stumbled; St. Antony was by her side in the darkness of the night, carried her pitcher to the fountain, and filled it there; St. Catherine dressed her hair; St. Cosmo and St. Damien cured the wounds she received in her combats with the Evil One, while St. Paul and St. Peter assisted her in the combat itself! She embraced the life of seclusion in the nunnery of St. Mary Magdalene at Palma, where she edified all the inmates by her penitential habits.

The Cardinal tells us that she had the gift of miracles. On a certain day, when prayers were being offered up in the convent for the health (then failing) of Pius V., Catalina interrupted them by saying that their prayers were no longer necessary, for that the Pope was dead, which turned out to be the case. She died in the year 1574,

and was interred in the parish church of St. Eulalia. Her death was looked upon as a public calamity, and some time afterwards services in her honour were established, by Doña Juana de Pochs, a wealthy and pious lady of Majorca, and by no less a person than the Cardinal Despuig.

Looking on all this in a merely literal point of view, it is enough to say that the poor child was suffering from derangement, and a species of derangement by no means uncommon in other churches besides that of Rome. Looking at the use made of the phenomenon, it becomes a lamentable exhibition of priestly fraud and of human prostration of intellect. If it were permitted to take it merely as an allegory, which it is *not*, whatever pious Romanists may say to the contrary, then we might admire the fable which brings before our view the august truth, that we are not altogether separated from the illustrious dead of times long past; that they are still living, and serving with us the same Lord, and that peradventure they may be aiding us with their presence when we are all unconscious of it.

The festival of this national saint is cele-

brated with great pomp in Palma. There is a church festival and a *street* festival, *fiesta di iglesia y la de calle,* and a most absurd procession of Turks, giants, and angels, escorting a triumphal car. This procession, attended by music and crowds, occupies the greater part of the night, commencing at ten o'clock.

Another event which distinguishes the religious annals of Majorca, is the preaching of St. Vincent Ferrer, in the year 1413. Invited by the Bishop, that eminent Missionary accepted the call, and preached to the islanders for about six months, at the end of which time he was recalled by King Ferdinand of Arragon to aid in putting an end to the great western schism. During his residence in Majorca he performed many miracles, using only for the purpose of his cures the water of the spring at Valdemosa, called to this day *Sa Bassa Ferrera.* On his arrival he was solemnly received by the authorities of the island, and preached in the cathedral and in the churches, till they proved too small to hold the crowds of listeners who thronged to hear the words of the holy man. The saint then preached in a field near Valde-

moss, a rude pulpit being carved for him out of an old olive-tree. During one of his discourses the devil raised a storm of wind, and attempted to disperse the hearers, but St. Vincent by a prayer caused a cloud to overshadow them, while the very storm thus raised drove under the cloud for shelter those who had previously been pursuing their worldly avocations. Nor must it be forgotten that whereas the islands had been suffering much from want of rain, no sooner did St. Vincent pray than the rain descended, and the crops were unusually abundant.

After his departure much veneration was paid to the pulpit which he had occupied, till in process of time a few years of neglect brought into doubt which was the hollow trunk from which the saint had addressed his numerous auditors. That problem, which no human wisdom could solve, was solved by miracle. A certain old trunk was marked for the axe among many others, when —oh! wonder of wonders!—as soon as the first blow was levelled, the axe shivered into a thousand fragments. Another weapon shared the same fate, till at last it became evident that there was

a supernatural power watching over the preservation of the worm-eaten trunk. A little examination showed the traces of the rough chiselling which had made the hollow tree a pulpit for the great saint, and when it was brought to Palma, it divided of its own accord into thirty-four pieces, which are now dispersed in as many churches, to the great glory of the saint. A picture of some merit in the cathedral at Palma commemorates the interesting fact, and the archives of the kingdom are enriched with the correspondence between the king, the procurator-general, the Bishop of Palma, and St. Vincent Ferrer.

St. Eulalia is much worshipped at Palma and throughout the Balearic Islands, though at Barcelona is her principal shrine; there, beneath the choir of the cathedral, repose the ashes of the saint, and she is emphatically called

"La Santa Eulalia. La de Barcelona
De la rica ciudad la joya rica.

But we have to turn to a far more frightful page in the annals of the Majorcan Church—the Inquisition was established here! In the time of Grasset de Saint Sauveur there were still pre-

served in the cloisters of the Dominican monastery, now unfortunately destroyed, pictures which represented the tortures inflicted on the Jews. Each of these portraits had underneath the name, age, and date of execution of the victim. But a few years ago, the descendants of these unhappy people formed a distinct caste in Palma, under the title of *Chuetas*, and they endeavoured to obtain, by the payment of a large sum of money, the effacing of these tablets, but in vain. Among these melancholy representations were some marked with crossbones, a token that the person beneath whose effigy they were placed had been disinterred, his remains burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds!

A very late traveller confirms the lamentable fact that this caste of *Chuetas* still exists as a separate and despised class. The Count Dembowsky, being hospitably received by a gentleman of small estate at Alcudia, observed in the course of the evening, that among the many persons who came to pay their respects, was one whom all the rest treated with marked contempt, and who with downcast and melancholy air

seemed neither to resent nor to think this treatment at all extraordinary. "Who," said he, "is this man who has met with so bad a reception?"

"He is a dog of a *Chueta*, one whose Jewish ancestors turned Christians in order not to be expelled from the island. Madre di Dios! how can a Christiano viejo y rancio" (an old and rancid Christian)—what a term!—"endure the presence of a wretch with Jewish blood in his veins?"

He went on to state that a *Chueta*, some time previously, had proposed marriage to a woman of bad character. "No," she replied, "though you are rich and I am infamous, I am better than a *Chueta*, and I would rather continue my present way of life than marry one!"

True to the traditions of their race, the *Chuetas* engage in no heavy manual labour, but nearly all the petty traffic of the islands is in their hands; and for this reason, except among the chief shopkeepers of Palma, there is an almost invincible repugnance to commerce among the Majorcan peasantry; they will not undertake it lest they should pass for *Chuetas*. I have heard the opinion expressed, that it would be well for the province

to have a general expulsion of the *Chuetas*, as there has been in old times of the Moors and Jews; and it is said that this could be done without fear of mistake, as the names and families of all converts were registered by the Dominican monks, and exposed on tablets in the churches. These tablets, since the suppression of the monks, have been in the hands of government.

To return, however, to the Inquisition. In 1755, a catalogue was printed—not, of course, for publication—of all the persons condemned by this tribunal in Majorca during forty-six years, *i. e.* from 1645 to 1691. This was the most unfortunate period of Balearic history. The population was small, commerce almost nothing, education scarcely known; yet a list is given by the Inquisition itself of three men and one woman, natives of Majorca, burned alive for Judaism, and thirty-two more who perished miserably in the dungeons of the *Holy Office*, and whose dead bodies were publicly burned. Fifteen were happy enough to make their escape, and were burned only in effigy; of these, seven were Majorcans, and six Portuguese, (one being a woman,) who were suspected of Judaism, a Dutch-

man accused, and no doubt rightly enough, of Lutheranism, and one Majorcan suspected of Mahomedanism. Two hundred and sixteen other persons suspected of Judaism, Mahomedanism, or heresy were imprisoned, many of them tortured, and finally received again publicly into the church. This list is closed by a decree which is well worth the Protestant reader's attention. I offer a translation of it :—

"All the hereinbefore-named persons have been formally and publicly condemned by the Holy Office as heretics; their wealth is confiscated and applied to the royal treasury; they are declared incapable of receiving or holding dignities or offices civil or ecclesiastical, or of being employed in any public or honourable way; they are forbidden to wear on their own persons, or to permit their children or servants to wear, gold, silver, precious stones, coral, silk, camlet, or fine cloth; they are forbidden to carry arms, to ride on horseback, or to do or to enjoy other things, which by the common and statute law of the kingdom, and by the decrees and instructions of the Holy Office, are forbidden to persons thus degraded."

In the case of women burned for heresy this prohibition extends to their sons and daughters, and in the case of men to their sons and grandsons; condemns the memory of those executed in effigy, orders that their bones, when they can be distinguished from those of the faithful, shall be exhumed, and given up to the justice of the secular arm, in order that they may be burned and reduced to ashes; commands that all inscriptions, portraits, or armorial bearings wherever found shall be effaced and destroyed, "so that there shall remain nothing of them on the face of the earth save the memory of their sentence and execution!"

Such were the sentiments expressed one century ago by the teachers of religion among this innocent and inoffensive people. Well may the Church of Rome declare herself to be unchanged and unchangeable.

In 1836 the convent of the Dominicans was razed to the ground, and its destruction is to be regretted, because it was undoubtedly one of the finest edifices in Palma; and among the many persons of note whose sepulchres it contained were those of an ancient family bearing the name

of Bonaparte! and which there appears much reason to think was that of Napoleon. The order of Dominicans was established in Majorca at the time of the conquest by a companion of the founder, Michael de Fabra. So great was the reputation of this father for zeal and ability, that he obtained a great ascendency over the mind of Don Jaime, and accompanied him in all his expeditions.

Some Arabs, *after their conversion*, were in the habit of saying that their brethren were driven out of the isle by the Holy Virgin and Michael de Fabra. The architect of the building was Jaime de Fabra, probably a relation of Michael, and equally eminent in a more Christian science than that of mediæval theology—to him the cathedral of Barcelona owes its origin, and many of the most beautiful buildings in Catalonia and Arragon.

Another convent, which is happily left standing and applied to state purposes, is that of St. Francisco d'Assis. It is now the seat of the government, and has been preserved entire. The cloister is vast in extent and singularly beautiful; it has

one peculiarity, that of a wooden roof exquisitely carved and of a rich brown colour; it has projecting eaves, and the delicate tracery of the stone arches which run round the inner front is singularly fine. The traveller will have abundant opportunity of investigating this edifice, for he will have to wait on the policia three or four times about his passport. The history of the church in Minorca makes a part of that of the greater island; as it was earlier colonized, so it was earlier Christianised, and in the reign of Honorius it possessed a bishop. The letter of this prelate, St. Severus, has been already quoted.

Since the conquest it has been a part of the diocese of Palma; the cathedral of Cindadella is a parochial church, and the numerous monasteries and nunneries were happily abolished with those of Majorca in 1836.

The saint most in repute in Minorca is St. Agatha, whose history will supply the reason. She was sentenced to be put to death by cutting off her breasts, and as disorders of the mammary glands are not uncommon in Minorca, pilgrimages to her shrine are undertaken by women so affected.

Mount Agatha, where her chapel is, stands in a desolate situation near the centre of the island, and is difficult of access; but the number of her votaries is great, and her altar is hung with innumerable representations in wax of the female breast in every stage of disease—an exhibition neither pleasing nor edifying. I noticed a similar collection of waxen eyes at an altar in the cathedral of Barcelona, and cannot help thinking it a practice "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." It is of heathen origin, and there are many very unpleasant sculptures of the same kind in marble, enriching but not adorning our galleries of ancient art. At Athens I saw great numbers, and look on the Romish custom as showing in another phase the identity of the heathen and Papal systems.

The present ecclesiastical staff of the islands is large. When in 1836 the monasteries were suppressed, the greater part of the inmates embraced a secular life, but some were provided for by the nobility and rich citizens, and others swelled the ranks of the parochial clergy. The establishment of the cathedral still consists of above one hundred

persons, and all the other churches are proportionately supplied.

Since the establishment of the constitution, priestly influence has considerably declined, and a characteristic anecdote will show how it stands at present:—A young couple presented themselves to be married—the priest objected.

"Your mothers were godmothers to the same child; that makes them sisters! you therefore stand in the relation of first cousins, and cannot marry."

But they replied, "We know of first cousins who are married, and then we are not in any way related."

"Yes, you are related in the eye of the church, and I cannot and will not marry you."

Rebuffed thus, they went to the bishop, who confirmed all that the priest had said.

"But is there no remedy?" asked the young people.

"Yes," replied his lordship, "you can have a dispensation from Rome."

"Shall we have to wait till it comes from Rome?"

"No, we keep them always ready."

"And may it please your lordship, what will it cost?"

"Twenty dollars," was the answer.

The intended bride and bridegroom looked at one another hopelessly, and left the presence. Next day, the mother of the girl, a shrewd sensible woman, took the matter in hand. She found the priest inexorable as before. She visited the bishop, told him that her son-in-law was a poor man, though honest and industrious —twenty dollars was out of his power to raise. The bishop told her that twenty *onzaces* would be demanded of a *caballero*, and that her daughter might marry anybody else without a dispensation. She brought the young couple again to plead their own cause, and finding his lordship in no way disposed to yield, she gave the key of her house to the young man, and addressed him in terms such as these:—"There can be no harm in the marriage, or his lordship would not allow it, and give you a paper from the pope to get it done —twenty dollars makes it neither more nor less lawful—you have done all you can to get the

blessing of the church, and it is no fault of yours that you cannot obtain it; there is the key, take it and her." "No, no!" exclaimed the bishop, "we must not have any scandal; I will *give* you the dispensation rather than that you should live together without marriage;" and so the priest, furnished with the talismanic parchment, united them at once. We shall shortly want the power of dispensation in England; for marriages with a deceased wife's sister are as numerous now as they ever were, and our having made that a crime which God has not prohibited will render it necessary to have dispensations for those who think that their Christian liberty is measured by the Bible, and not by the popish canon law.

This chapter shall be concluded by a notice of the way in which the cathedral of Palma is decorated from Christmas Eve to the 2d of February. An iron lustre is suspended from the central vault, just before the high altar, bearing seven tapers of colossal size, and from which depends a tail of eight huge wafers; seven of these are red, and the eighth, which is white, is of half the dimensions of the others. These are to signify the seven weeks of the Carnival, and the smaller one

the remaining half-week before Lent. I think the number of these varies in different years; the lustre itself is said to have been taken from a Jewish synagogue by King Jaime I., and hence a popular tradition that it was once in the Temple of Solomon. From the roof of the church are hung cords suspending small tapers, placed on wafers of green and white. This custom is undoubtedly a relic of Mohammedan times, for it is exactly the way in which the mosques are decorated, only that feathers, small glass lamps, and ostrich eggs, take the place of wafers. Long before the time of Mohammed, however, the same custom prevailed in the East, and there are some very curious descriptions extant of the effect produced by the ornaments hung from the cupola of the church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople. The Turks took the custom from the Christians, and taught it in their turn to the Moors, from whom it probably came to the Majorcans of the present day. The church is at the same season strewed with fine hay, which is intended to recall to the remembrance of the great ones of the earth the humble abode in which the Saviour was born.

CHAPTER VI.

LANGUAGE OF THE ISLANDS—LANGUEDOCIAN ORIGIN—CURIOUS PECULIARITIES IN IT—POPULAR SONGS—SPECIMENS OF POETRY AND POETICAL FEELING—ANCIENT POEMS AND INSCRIPTIONS—TROUBADOURS—SERENADES—CHARACTERISTICS OF SPANISH SONGS—MUSIC, ITS MOORISH CHARACTER.

THE language used in the Balearic Islands is not Castilian, though that language is understood, and is said to be gradually superseding the Majorcan. Of this latter the Provençal appears to be the basis, and it has a large mixture of Spanish, and a little Portuguese. It appears to be without reason that M. Tastu claims for it a peculiar purity, for though there remains much of its ancient material, it has undergone and is still undergoing a constant change. When spoken at the court of the Conqueror it was no doubt a very pure dialect of the Romance, and nearly the same as that of Limousin, and during perhaps two centuries it remained without much mixture.

The dialect of Languedoc, the ancient Langue-d'oc, from which the province took its name, bears considerable analogy to the Majorcan, an analogy perceptible in the common patois of Montpelier even to this day. This will excite no surprise, when it is remembered that the Conqueror himself was a native of that city, and that the kings of Arragon were in the frequent habit of holding their courts there; but it must be observed that there were ever two languages, one of the court and one of the people. The popular grammar presents us with a great variety of articles; in addition to the *lo, la, los*, and *las*, there are *so, sa, sos*, and *sas*; *en, na, ens*, and *nas*, and one, which is both masculine and feminine, *es*, and in the plural *ets*. It is interesting to trace the change in this Romance, which was once spoken in Sardinia as well as in Majorca, and *there* has gradually assimilated itself to the Italian, as *here* to the Castilian, which languages are respectively used for all state and court purposes, while the gradually changing Sarde or Majorcan supplies the exigencies of common life.

The songs of the people are often very pleasing

in words, though the music is generally low, monotonous, and Moorish, and has a strangely melancholy effect. I have heard it by night, and at sea, till the feeling of sadness it produced became quite oppressive. The following is a favourite little canzonet:—

'Sas allotes tot es diumenges	"The damsels every Sunday,
Quan no tener res mes que fer,	When they have nothing better to do,
Van a regar es claveller	Go to water the pinks,
Dehent li, Veu ja-que no menges."	Saying to them, Drink! since you eat not."

In all these there are but two or three words which are not substantially French: *allotes*, is Moorish; *veu*, by the allowable change of *b* for *v* or *u*, becomes *bev*; *regar* is Latin, Italian, Spanish. There is a reply to this verse, which runs thus on the part of the watchful mother exhorting her daughter to industry:—

"Allotes, filau, filau,	"Damsels, spin, spin,
Que sa camya se riu,	For the garment is wearing out;
Y siao l'appadasan	And if you do not mend it,
No v's arribar à s'estiu."	It will not last till summer."

The figure in the second line is curious—*sa camya se riu*—the garment is laughing, or gaping, or opening, or wearing into a hole. Sometimes

a favoured *caballero* will have an adieu tendered in words like these,—*Bon nit tenga! es meu có no basta per di li adios!* —"Good night! my heart will not suffice to say to you Adieu!" This is the popular language as spoken now; in the fourteenth century it was more like Italian; we will see a specimen. It is the "Mercader Mallorquin," who is lamenting the coldness and hardness of his lady's heart, and who tells her that he has forsaken, or will forsake her in consequence:—

"Cercats d'uy may ja siats bella e pros
Quel vostros pres e ris e laus plesents
Car vengut es lo tempe que m'aurets mens
No m' auciri vostre aguard amoros.
Ne la semblanza gaya,
Car trobat n'ay
Altra qui'm play;
Sol que lui playa.
Altra sens vos, per que l'in volray be
E tindr en car s'amor que 'xi s'conve."

"Seek no longer, though you are still lovely and noble,
Those praises and pleasant laudations of you, and smiles,
For the time is come when you will have me less,
Nor will your loving look kill me any longer;
Nor your gay appearance;
For I have found
Another who pleases me;
Only let me please her.
Another, not you, on which I congratulate her,
And I will hold her love dear, for so it should be."

Another specimen will be found on an old crucifix at Arta, where the Virgin is represented as kneeling at the foot of the cross:—

> "O mon fill car i suplic vos pardones
> A qualsivol qui venga per orar,
> En aquest loc eus vulle contemplar
> Devotament clavat alt en la creu."

> "Oh, my dear Son, I supplicate you to pardon
> Whosoever shall come here to pray,
> And in this place shall devoutly contemplate
> You, nailed high on the cross."

This is interesting, for it is in Gothic characters, and is the work of the thirteenth century, about 1252, twenty-three years after the conquest.

It would be easy to make pretty versions of these, but I translate literally in order to show the affinities of the language; the *z*, which terminates the second person plural of the French verb, is here replaced by *ts*, e. g. *cercats, aurets*: *z* in German, as well as in Italian, has the sound of *ts*; *mens*, is the Spanish *menos*; *axi*, or *'xi* is the French *si*, so; *que l'in volray be,—de quoi je lui en voudrais bien.* The French is awkward enough, but the meaning and derivation are evident. This language has lost much of the Italian element, which has been

replaced by the Castilian; and in its present form, though much less tractable to rhyme, it is used by *improvisatori*, of whom there are still several in Majorca of some note. It is by no means unheard-of to engage a *trobador*—for such is the romantic title they take—to sing under the windows of some chosen lady such strains as he may deem most fit to soften the "*corazon de diamante*"—the heart of adamant—a species of petrifaction soon overcome and cured in Majorca. The tunes, if such they can be called, are most monotonous. M. Laurens has preserved the notes, which do not seem ever to have been written. I heard much the same kind of chant in the East, and am told, that in India and China it prevails also. But sometimes Valencian and Andalusian airs are heard, and Castilian words, some of which are extremely poetical; an instance may be found in a favourite song:—

"Una estrella se ha perdida En el ciel y no parece; En tu cara se ha metida Y en tu frente resplandece."	"A star has lost itself In heaven, and appears no more; It has found a dwelling in thee, dearest, And glitters on thy brow."

Sometimes the songs sung are merely the effusions of merriment, careless whether there be any meaning attached to them, or not. Such is a very favourite piece of harmonious nonsense, sung much in Seville:—

"En la calle no se donde,
Mataron yo no se a quien;
El vivo cayo en el suelo,
Y el muerto volvio à correr.
Sant Antonio! Sant Antonio!
Las tentaciones del demonio!

"En la iglesia no se donde,
Celebraron no se quel santo;
Y riñando no se quanto,
En gañando no se que.
Sant Antonio, &c."

"In the street, I know not where,
They have slain, I know not whom;
The survivor fell down on the ground,
And the dead man took to his heels.
Sant. Antonio, &c.

"In a church, I know not where,
They are celebrating, I know not what saint;
And they gain, I know not what,
By yawning, I know not how much.
Sant. Antonio, &c."

In the Appendix will be found specimens of the music referred to.

CHAPTER VII.

REMARKABLE BUILDINGS IN PALMA—THE PALACIO REAL—ITS ORIGIN AND PRESENT APPEARANCE—LONJA, ORIGIN OF THE WORD—THOSE OF PALMA AND VALENCIA—PORTRAITS OF SOVEREIGNS—ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN—PUNETIUS SCHOOL OF PAINTING—MOORISH REMAINS—BATHS—ARCH OF THE ALMUDAINA—BATHS IN BARCELONA AND GERONA—STREET ARCHITECTURE OF PALMA—MOORISH WINDOWS—BALCONIES AND THEIR OCCUPANTS.

BESIDES the cathedral, which will be described in in its place, there are several extremely interesting edifices in Palma. Of these the chief are the Palacio Real, the Casa Consistorial, the Lonja, or Exchange, and the Palace of the Bishop. A short distance from Palma there is the Castle of Belver and many others. Those within the city must first claim our attention. The Palacio Real, once the royal abode, is now the residence of the Captain-general, who holds his court there, and presides over the whole archipelago. This palace is

said to have been built by Don Jaime II. in 1309; but from an attentive examination of its architecture, M. Laurens is of opinion that the present structure is of a more modern date. But whatever may be the epoch of its erection, it is undoubtedly a very interesting edifice. It seems to me to have been built at various periods and in different styles. Here is a portion apparently Moorish; the approach to the horse-shoe arch, the double windows with byzantine mouldings, indicate a time when the Moorish style of architecture was not entirely relinquished. Here the old Spanish with its composite ornaments is predominant; and here again is a little gem worthy of Palladio himself. The entrance—I should say, the chief entrance—is through a gate of no great pretensions, into a spacious court, the aspect of which is rather Turkish than Moorish. Into this quadrangle opens a small church, or chapel, of which nothing needs notice save the portal. The interior of the Palace is well arranged and spacious; its galleries, some open and some covered, look on the sea and on a great square just within the walls; and in some of the apartments there are

a few good portraits. The building is distinguished by two or three towers; one, of considerable dimensions, is surmounted by a statue of an angel, on which account it is called the Tower of the Angel: it forms a conspicuous object in the approach to the city by sea. The furniture is simple and scanty; so many ages have elapsed since a king was the tenant of this Palacio Real, that no pains have been taken to keep it in fitting order for a royal residence. A few apartments are furnished with sufficient attention to the dignity of a Captain-general, and the rest are either bare or inhabited by the subordinate authorities.

From this edifice, interesting in parts but wanting alike in uniformity and magnificence, we turn to one of the most exquisite gems that any city has to exhibit, the *Lonja*, or Exchange. Few persons ever trouble themselves to recollect that our word "*lounge*" comes from the Spanish *Lonja*, and this of itself furnishes a sufficient commentary on the Spanish mode of transacting business.

A sumptuous building is erected in which to *lounge* away an afternoon; but at Palma even this shadowy pretence is taken away, for if ever

the Majorcan merchants lounged and loitered away their time under the pretext of mercantile affairs, certain it is that now the Lonja is locked up till it is required for a state ball. The carnival masquerades take place here, and the negotiations carried on are indubitably not of a commercial nature.

The Lonja is a square edifice, the dimensions of which are not large, and probably it looks less than it really is through the admirable beauty of its proportions. The interior consists of one large hall, the roof of which is supported by six slender spiral pillars. The exterior exhibits small delicate towers at each angle and two more slender turrets at equal distances in each façade; above the roof and running round the whole building is a series of square window-like compartments, forming a kind of gallery of open-work. This is supported by a rich cornice. On each tower is a niche, canopied, and holding the statue of a saint. The windows on the side opposite the great entrance are like the fan-lights above the doors, of fine workmanship, and of that style called flamboyant; on the other sides are smaller windows with circular

tops, more Norman in character. Between the two doors of the chief portal there was formerly a statue of the Virgin. This has now disappeared, but the angel above remains, filling with extended wings the space immediately over the separation.

This beautiful monument of antiquity was the work of an unknown architect, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century.

It seems that Don Jaime I. contemplated building an exchange here and at Valencia, for he was anxious to encourage commerce by every means in his power. He even pointed out the situation, gave the ground, and had a plan prepared; but his continual avocations elsewhere prevented his intentions from taking effect, and it was not till a century and a half later that Palma could boast of an exchange.

At Valencia one was erected, but by a curious coincidence, that which Don Jaime had built was pulled down in the middle of the 15th century, and one almost the fac-simile of this at Palma constructed in its place, so that the two Lonjas contemplated by the conqueror now present almost the same aspect to the spectator. That at Valencia

is neither so regular in its details nor so pure in its architecture as this at Palma; but there are not wanting persons who prefer the Valencian edifice on account of its very irregularity.

There was a small botanical garden attached to the Lonja and ornamented with a monumental fountain; these were suffered to run to decay, and the building itself exhibited tokens of neglect, when a year or two ago it was determined that it should be perfectly restored. This work is now proceeding, all the old details are scrupulously copied, and the style and materials will do no discredit to the original design. The garden is re-planted with flowers and shrubs, the fountain is restored, and a few months more will make this architectural gem fit to be covered with a glass case.

The Tribunal of Commerce is approached through the garden, and is worth visiting. Here, in the chief hall, is a portrait of the queen and the titular king. Surely a Spanish Lawrence might be found to exalt and idealize those common features. It cannot tend to keep up the sentiment of Spanish loyalty to publish the fact that there

are few Spanish subjects who are not more noble-looking than their rulers. Queen Elizabeth was quite right when she prohibited the sale or publication or exhibition of portraits of herself, which she had not first seen and approved. A very distinguished man,—I shall not take the liberty of mentioning his name,—lately presented his portrait to a public institution at the earnest request of its managers. When it came, it was thought that there was some mistake, and a gentleman connected with the charity waited on his lordship to ask if this were not the case. "No," replied he, "there is no mistake at all; I had my portrait taken some time ago at the desire of my family, and I directed the painter to make my nose a little longer, my eyes a little brighter, and I stated that if I had a preference in the colour of hair, it was not in favour of red. He made a very good picture, and as I must not leave a variety of likenesses all differing one from another, I have had it copied for you." It is needless to say that this account of the matter was received as a joke, the picture, which was that of another person, withdrawn, and his lordship made

a handsome donation in money in lieu of his portrait.

The next building requiring notice in Palma is the *Casa Consistorial*, or the Palace of the Ayuntamiento. Here all civil business is transacted, and here, too, is the municipal collection of paintings. The front of this edifice, which stands in a small triangular place, is imposing; but it is chiefly remarkable on account of the projecting eaves, the extent of which is without parallel in architecture. They are richly carved, and were once as richly gilded and painted; this decoration has now faded, but the effect is perhaps all the more striking. The caryatides which support the beams of this projecting roof are of great merit.

The collection of pictures has been already mentioned. The portraits of the older kings are in that hard style which, from the late attempts made to revive it, may be called the Puseyite school of painting, and of which there were some marvellous specimens in the last exhibition of our own Royal Academy. One in particular requires notice, were it only for its blasphemous absurdity. A Holy Family was represented as at work in

a carpenter's shop,—lean, emaciated artisans,—and the Holy Spirit was positively depicted in the guise of a pigeon coming down a ladder! In the Palma collection, Don Jaime I. looks just like a king of clubs on an old court card; but the best and only spirit in which to regard such an exhibition, is to look on it as a kind of national pantheon, where the symbols rather than the portraits of the illustrious dead are preserved, to excite and keep up the gratitude of the living.

Palma has a school of design; and it is said to have produced nearly one hundred *celebrated* artists in the nineteenth century alone. Here lies one of the causes which retard the real progress of Spain; the whole nation in general, and every town, and almost every man in particular, are so perfectly well satisfied with themselves. Their magnificent language lends itself to this self-glorification, and the most trifling performance in Spain is lauded in terms that elsewhere would be charily bestowed even on a masterpiece of art. It is saying much for Palma to assert, that in spite of this drawback, the arts and education in general are making progress,

and that due advantage is taken of all the opportunities offered.

One means of good will be found in the museums now formed out of the pictures formerly buried in convents, and among which are some good works. The sameness of character is a disadvantage, and too much must not be expected. Monks were not always good judges of pictures, and the collection made in this way at Madrid comprises as much spoiled canvas as one would wish to see. Specimens of Italian art are rare, and only to be found in the houses of some of the chief nobility, but good copies might be made in the island, and thus rendered accessible to the entire population.

The Moorish remains in Palma are few. The whole city has a semi-oriental air, but though the traveller may frequently be led to believe that he is looking on genuine Arab architecture, yet what he sees is but a style influenced by Moorish taste, and probably in itself of late date. There are only two or three clearly ascertainable relics of Moslem dominion. Houses, khans, mosques, are all gone; not an arabesque fountain remaining.

In fact, the *Almudena* of the Moors—for so was Palma called by them—is extinct; nothing remains save a tinge of Moorish taste, and two relics of their structures. One of these is a hall for baths, just such as is seen to this day in the East. This fragment of antiquity is now a part of a private house. It consists of a square apartment, with a cupola in the centre, supported by twelve pillars, with elegant capitals. The piscina is perfect, but the stone bench which once ran round the wall, now no longer exists.

Cortada mentions, that in the convent of Capuchin nuns at Gerona, there existed a similar bath, and there has been one, now unhappily destroyed, at Barcelona. The present condition of the Palma bath is not in keeping with the general taste and progress of the city. It has been used for a forge, and the brick, flint, and stone of which it is somewhat heterogeneously built, are blackened by the smoke, and injured by the use to which the edifice has been put. It will not fail to be restored, and to become one of the most interesting sights that Palma has to exhibit.

The remaining trace of Moslem times is an arch in the street to which it gives its name; it is called the Arch of the Almudena. There is nothing remarkable about it in an architectural point of view, and several times it has been on the point of destruction;—now the street wanted widening—then a house was to be rebuilt—next the arch itself had become dangerous; but there has ever been a sufficient degree of antiquarian spirit left to insure its preservation, and as the street is really little frequented, it is to be hoped that now it is free from peril. It was an entrance to the inner fortress, and was, at the era of the conquest, called *la puerta de las cadenas*, the Gate of Chains.

It witnessed a wretched scene at the taking of the city. The Moors, driven from the external walls, sought refuge within the fortress. Those who held it, fearing that with their own people the enemy would enter, closed the gates and left their brethren without, exposed to the furious assaults of Don Jaime's Arragonese. This piece of hard-hearted calculation did not, however, save them; the Almudena was compelled to surrender, and the garrison put to the sword.

There are many private houses which merit attention in Palma. The general style has, as we have already remarked, a half-oriental air, and the narrowness and quietude of many streets tend to enhance this effect. The real state of the case is that these houses are types of the ancient class of dwellings in all the Peninsula, a little more coloured here by the Moorish spirit. Entering through a wide portal, the stranger finds himself in a spacious *atrium*, or hall open to the sky, on one side of which is the great staircase which leads to the principal apartments. Some of these atria are adorned with fountains, and have corridors around them, with a divan or seat of stone; but the same use is not made of them as in Andalusia; there the family frequently meet in the evening of a summer day, and the passer-by, looking as he goes through the lattice of gates, may see the merry groups enjoying the cool air around the orange-shaded fountain. In Palma there are no such reunions; the *atrium* is an entrance-hall, and nothing more. Generally speaking, there is something melancholy in the aspect of these halls, although many of them are far from being destitute of architectural beauty,

and the staircases are frequently works of elegance. Here and there will be a kind of conservatory in a gallery, and then the whole building assumes a different style; the internal windows are often byzantine and placed in pairs, and within as without, along the top of the house and just under the roof, runs a line of openings, giving light and air to a kind of granary. This is general throughout the island, and gives a local character to its architecture.

The internal arrangements of the houses differ little from those in southern Spain: large lofty rooms, with plain white walls; windows at a great height from the ground; sombre-looking pictures of a solemn ancestry ranged in straight lines; mats on the floor; a small supply of furniture, and that often of a very ancient character,—all tend to make the house of a Majorcan noble rather dignified than lively. Many of them have gardens even in the midst of the city, and though horticulture is not much studied, yet it is not so neglected as to render this advantage of little consequence. But that feature which gives the most peculiar air to the street architecture of

Palma, is the window; in the great houses it is generally double, *i. e.* it consists of two arches separated by a long slender marble pillar, with Moorish capitals and bases; sometimes the window is triple, and then there are two of these pillars, almost always extremely elegant, and only to be paralleled in the Alhambra. The windows or openings at the top of the house, under the eaves, are frequently adorned in the same style as the gallery of the Louja, and together with the grated and mullioned windows of the lower story, and the arched door, with the stones which form its opening disposed in long rays, present a picture in which it becomes difficult to separate the Christian and Saracenic elements.

The style of window which is here described is not confined to the palaces of the great; it is found in dwellings of a much humbler class, as is also the taste for ornamenting the staircase. In many instances, where one straight flight leads directly from the street to the upper story, and where there was no opportunity to place balustrades, I have noticed the stairs themselves covered with porcelain tiles in the true Moorish

style, gaily painted with flowers and foliage. The only way in which one can judge of the antiquity of a house in Palma, unless where we have dates supplied, is by the style of ornament in the *atrium*. New houses are built in the modern fashion; but up to the middle of the last century, the people of Palma built as their fathers had built before them, and kept up the same order of architecture which prevailed in Spain in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella; as time rolled on, the ornaments were no longer exclusively Gothic or Moorish, or the two combined. An Italian taste supervened; Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic pillars supplanted the clustered columns of the earlier structures, and classic devices replaced the eternal escutcheon of arms. There are whole streets in Palma which will recall to the Italian traveller those of Padua. The upper stories are supported by stone columns, and the foot-path is sheltered. It is not often an arcade, for the pillars do not support arches; and in this respect it differs from those of the Italian city. The first story presents the invariable balcony, with its veil or blind of striped linen, or its pretty Valencian

matting. Here may be seen the Palman damsel engaged at her work, and singing snatches of African or Castilian song, or tending the plants which at once ornament the house and enliven the street. There was one whose balcony was close to ours in the Calle de las Monjas de Misericordia, and who shot out of her dark almond-shaped eyes the most destructive glances. I thought M—— in some danger, for they were clearly directed at him; and as when we "took the cool," the young lady "took the cool" too, a malicious person might have classed her with those Venetian belles, of whom Byron says—

> "And truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
> And rather like to show it, more's the pity."

But the poet was in the wrong; we have not so many pretty objects that we can afford to lose those that we have; and before we left Palma our fair neighbour's family moved into the country, "and we saw her no more."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

BULL-FIGHTS IN MAJORCA—RECENTLY INTRODUCED—DIFFERENCE OF, IN DIFFERENT LOCALITIES—LISBON—SEVILLE—PALMA—LIMA—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT INFLICTED BY BULLS—MANNER OF CONDUCTING THE FUNCION IN MADRID—MONTES—HIS GRACEFULNESS AND SKILL—ATROCITIES AT BARCELONA AND MALAGA—SHOCKING CUSTOM AT LIMA—CONVERSATION WITH A SPANISH GENTLEMAN ON BULL-FIGHTING—HIS DEFENCE AND THEORY OF IT.

It has been but recently that the bull-fight has been known in Majorca. The year 1849 saw its introduction, and though Spanish blood can hardly be expected to flow tranquilly when the favourite national sport is in prospect, yet it does not appear to have been received with that enthusiasm which might have been looked for. Interest, but not of a very absorbing character, was excited; and though the places in the amphitheatre were all taken, and many were disappointed in their hopes of witnessing the spectacle, yet it was evident that the "fiesta de toros" was

one thing when appealing to the mind of the Andalusian, and quite another when appealing to that of the Majorcan.

The latter, gentle and humane by nature, had neither been hardened by habit nor warped by prejudice; he looked on the entertainment as a new thing, saw it in a rational way, and it was easy to discern that all the enthusiasm, such as there was, was factitious. It may be said, if I offer any description of what took place in the arena at Palma, that a bull-fight is a bull-fight, and has been described over and over again from the time of Byron to the present season, "*usque ad nauseam*;" but this is not exactly the case; a bull-fight in Madrid is one thing, in Lisbon another and a very different thing; in Seville, again, it will present itself under a new aspect. Malaga, Valencia, and Barcelona, all offer distinct varieties. Palma gave the far-famed national sport a phase peculiarly its own; and travellers who have visited Spanish and Portuguese America, have seen such spectacles as Europe for many centuries has happily been unable to offer.

To say that in Palma the announcement of a

series of "*funçions*" excited no stirring interest would be absurd; and accordingly my friend and myself were obliged to remain quietly at home during the first "*entertainment.*" The second we were more fortunate; our kind friend, Don Miguel, called upon us early with tickets, and we were to accompany his sons to the amphitheatre. All the young men of fashion—and Palma is far from an unfashionable city—were there. The elders for the most part stayed away; they had seen tauromachia enough on the continent, and were not anxious to renew their impressions of it; and indeed to an eye accustomed to a funçion at Madrid, the Palma exhibition must have seemed a decided failure.

The company was from Valencia, and a very indifferent one; the audience was unlearned in the merits or demerits of the performers—the bulls had not recovered from sea-sickness, and altogether there was more noise than connoisseurship, more applause than approval. The bulls were what the Castilians call "too bland;" they were quiet well-disposed beasts, who would have grazed on the mountains year after year without

hurting themselves or anything else, and their lamentable lack of natural ferocity was but indifferently supplied by the irritation to which they had been subjected. Indeed it never happened to me to see what is called a "good bull," from any other quarter than Andalusia.

There, on the slopes of the Sierra Morena, pasture the fierce and dangerous animals which supply the plazas of Madrid and Seville. They are brought by easy marches to the capital, generally arriving the night before the "*función*;" they are confined in dark and narrow stalls just a sufficient time to irritate and excite their savage and irascible natures, and in a state of incipient madness, often exasperated by goads, thistles, and other similar means, they are suddenly turned out into the fierce and blinding glare of a Castilian sun in the face of their natural enemies.

That a bull-fight seen under such circumstances is a gorgeous and thrilling spectacle, is unquestionable; those who at first turn aside their eyes with horror, soon learn to take a deep interest in the scene. English ladies resident in Madrid rival their Spanish friends, and all the well-

founded prejudices against the exhibition are forgotten. But then it must be remembered that there is present all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the Spanish court, the sanction and presence of royalty, troops in their most splendid uniforms, military music of the highest class, and not unfrequently in the arena itself a display of grace, skill, and courage such as are rarely to be seen elsewhere.

See! the royal family has arrived—the queen has given the signal—the alguacils have gone their rounds, the picadors have displayed their paces, and the arena is clear; the music of marches and overtures cesses, and a wild flourish of trumpets heralds the commencement of the "*función*." The gates of the toril fly open, and the first bull with his head lowered and his tail in the air rushes into the centre of the ring. Observe his powerful lion-like make, the clearness of his dun hide, the vicious flash of his black eye, his vast breadth and depth of chest: he was bred in the pastures of the Duke de Medina Celi, who will have a portion of him on the ducal dinner-table to-morrow—the rest will be the perquisite

of the celebrated matador, Montes. But there is little time for speculation as to the fiery animal's birth, parentage and education. He has singled out his intended victim, and rushing at him with the speed of lightning, has rolled horse and horseman over in the sand; the man has disengaged himself and is over the railing in an instant among the spectators, but the horse will never stand up again. Again and again the infuriated bull has gored and trampled on the prostrate steed, heedless of all the inducements to change the object of his attack. His next assault is less successful. The death of the horse and the triumph of the bull has been received with deafening shouts,—"Buen toro! buen toro!"—and his eye, looking as though he would measure the distance of every being within the arena, has been diverted from the picador whom he next selects; this time he is received on the point of a lance, which acting as a lever, has swung off the horseman on one side and the bull on the other, in segments of a circle; this is the correct mode of receiving the onset of the bull, and its successful execution is greeted with loud applause.

Again and again the same manœuvre is accomplished—again and again failed in—horses are gored and killed—men escape death almost by hairbreadths, and with apparent difficulty, when a new feature is introduced; those men in the graceful Andalusian costume are called "*corredores,*" or "*banderilleros;*" they are armed with sheaves of arrows, "*banderillas;*" the feathers ornamented with gay bunches of coloured riband. Taking two of these in his hands, the corredor faces the bull and fixes them in the animal's shoulder; like the lance of the picador, they cannot penetrate very deep, for cotton—red cotton is wound round the barb. The bull stung to additional fury lashes his sides with his tail, tosses his head wildly about, and attacks with indiscriminate rage every man he comes near.

But the closing scene approaches; a single man on foot, armed with a long straight sword, enters the arena. It is MONTES—the great Montes, the "*primero espada de España,*" the *matador*, or killer. Tall, and formed with the exquisite symmetry of a Greek statue, he moves with a grace and calm elegance altogether his own; he ad-

vances to the royal box, and lowering his sword, asks permission to kill the bull; the requisite leave is granted, and the matador returns into the centre of the ring. He is clothed in black, the ancient Castilian colour, and his tight-fitting dress is well calculated to exhibit the extraordinary perfection of his figure. Holding in one hand his sword, and in the other a crimson scarf, he stands waiting the onset of the bull. This is soon and fiercely made. Waving the scarf before the animal's eyes, and giving him a blow with the flat of the sword across his face, Montes stands unhurt behind his ferocious antagonist. A second and a third time is brute force foiled by human skill, when the time comes to terminate the conflict. Waiting the brute's approach the matador stands with his sword slightly raised; the moment that the bull's head is lowered to gore his intended victim, Montes bends lightly forward, and without the slightest appearance of exertion, without ruffling the serene equanimity of his demeanour, sheaths the point of his weapon between the first and second vertebræ of the neck—a step backward after drawing out the sword, and the pon-

derous weight of the bull rolls heavily over, his eyes glaze, and a short struggle announces that the combat has terminated.

The applause of the spectators shakes the amphitheatre. Montes gracefully bows to the queen, and then to the round of his enthusiastic admirers, wipes his sword with his scarf, and presents it to the most distinguished gentleman present, who returns it to its gallant owner. Montes retires, a brilliant march or overture strikes up, and a yoke of mules gaily caparisoned carry away first the bull and then the horses slaughtered for the amusement of the circle.

Fresh sand is scattered over the gory patches on the ground, refreshments are vended, and soon the flourish of trumpets announces the reopening of the toril; a fresh bull enters the arena, and the same scene is enacted again.

A word or two on the almost superhuman feats of Montes may not be unacceptable, as he is not likely to grace the science ("ciencia"!) of tauromachia much longer. He is rich, and has lately with a severe accident. He is the author of an approved work on his art, which is much studied by those who wish to rival his renown. He has

been seen to wait till the bull's head was lowered to gore him, and then placing one foot on the animal's nose, allow himself to be tossed, and aiding the impetus with a vault, to descend behind the bull. Sometimes he has taken his watch from his pocket and announced his intention of killing the savage beast in a certain number of minutes, two, or three, or three and-a-half, neither more nor less, and has parried every attack till the destined second had arrived. When younger, and less careful of dignity, he has been known, when engaged with a wide-horned bull, to "take the bull by the horns," and seat himself across the animal's nose, greatly and most inconveniently perplexing him as to the question, what was to be done next? *

Ferdinand VII., among many other peculiarly Spanish qualities, was a great admirer of tauromachia, and actually deprived a mathematical college of its revenues to found an "escuela de tauromaquia." His popularity at Madrid was very great, especially among the poorer classes, and it was his custom to walk out and mingle

* While these sheets were passing through the press, tidings reached England of the death of Montes.

with them at all times and without guards or suspicion. The many atrocious acts of tyranny which he committed were received either with toleration or satisfaction by the populace, who generally greeted any new instance of despotism with the exclamation, "*Viva el rey neto!*"*—"*Como es rey, aquel Don Fernando! es mucho rey!*" But even he was not allowed to be absolute in the bull-ring. "*Aqui no manda el Rey Fernando!*" † was the shout of the unanimous multitude, when the king wanted to overrule the popular will at a funçion.

Much that renders the funçion so fascinating at Madrid, is however wanting in the provinces. Save in Andalusia itself, the bulls are an inferior race; sometimes they will not fight at all; frequently they appear to calculate, and having decided that the chances are against them, retire

* It is not generally known that the word "neat" as applied to wines and spirits is derived from the Spanish neto. A "neat" king therefore means an absolute king, one uncontaminated with anything like constitutionalism. There was, therefore, much meaning in the exclamation of the text, "Long live the neat king! What a king he is, this Don Fernando! He is every inch a king!"

† "Here King Ferdinand does not govern."

into the centre of the ring, and act only on the defensive. Then the proceedings take a still more barbarous character: dogs are introduced, and the bull-fight is turned into a bull-baiting. Sometimes the "*semiluna*" is employed, and the beast, who is too sensible to fight for the amusement of a company, than whom by comparison he is considerably less brutal, is hamstrung amid savage shrieks of delight from a Catalonian or Malagan mob. Then again there is the want of the military pomp and music, the fashion and rank, the gaiety and royalty that grace the amphitheatre at Madrid, and there is nothing to compensate for it. Bulls clumsily slaughtered; horses compelled to run course after course with their sides gored and their bowels protruding, and the whole terminating with dogs or the semiluna. Such is the bull-fight as exhibited at Barcelona, and it was a faint and feeble picture of these horrors which was vouchsafed to Palma.

I once* saw a horse fearfully gored at Barcelona,

* Revolting as is this description, it is yet unhappily true. I therefore feel that it ought not to be concealed; nor is it my province to throw a veil over its atrocities.

and the picador who rode him coolly dismounted, and with a pocket-knife severed the protruding entrails, and then compelled the wretched animal to face another bull; and the gentle Catalonian dames present rather approved of the act for its *economy*, than execrated it for its unspeakable inhumanity!

At Malaga even worse things—if worse be possible—are done. Horses in this condition are turned loose in the streets to be tortured to death by the ingenuity of the rising generation! The people at Palma seemed to think it a solemn duty to be pleased; and "*El Balear*," one of the newspapers published in the island, took great pains to show them what they ought to like, and what to dislike. The clergy, too, (I am glad to say this for them,) set their faces against the barbarous pastime; and unless propped up by continental influence, I think that bull-fighting will not long survive in Majorca.

A very different affair is a fight or funçion at Lisbon. Clumsy beyond comparison, and irresistibly ludicrous, the chief of the troop is a sort of Montes Scapin, and the exhibition itself a

funny parody on those of Spain. I witnessed one which the queen honoured with her presence, and the characteristic humanity of the Portuguese people was singularly exemplified in their tauromachia. Bull-fights they must have,—"*pan y toros*,"—"*panem et circenses*,"—for they, too, "*are in Arcadia*;" but they do not like to hurt any living thing, and so the bull comes in with two square blocks of wood on his horns and a bar suspended between them. The picadors are mounted on mules, and the character of the matador is by especial desire omitted. The bull can roll the mules and their riders over and over in the dust to his heart's content, and they in turn can belabour him with thick sticks to theirs, but no wounding, or goring, or killing is tolerated; and when the audience, or rather spectators, have had enough of the thumping spectacle, the bull is allowed to go back again to his pastures and get his bruises healed, and doubtless becomes all the more "meek and mild" for the drubbing he has received.

Then again, I have been told, and from what I have heard from other sources can readily

believe, that a bull-fight in Lima, or Santiago, (in Chili,) has been made the means of executing capital punishment. Some wretched criminal, armed only with a lance, has been exposed in the arena to the assault of the bull, and if he succeeded in killing the bull his life was given him. But alas! the chances were fearfully against him, and the spectators had generally the savage satisfaction of seeing human blood shed for their amusement. I believe that this has not been very lately the case, that is, not within twelve or fifteen years, but an instance so recent argues a state of civilization far lower than that of the Romans of the worst period; *they* were heathens, but the Chilians and Peruvians profess to be Christians! How far, however, we are entitled to throw stones at the inhabitants of Lima, I shall not pretend to say; we certainly live in glass houses ourselves; we provide the same amusement for our population, only we make use of the agency of a fellow-man, instead of a brute, and thereby deprive the victim of even this slight chance of escape.

And this reminds me of a curious instance of retaliation, to which I was, many years ago, a

witness in Madrid:—an English gentleman made some severe remarks on the Spanish character, grounded on the fondness of the people for this barbarous sport. A Spaniard, a man of rank and education, in whose house this took place, and who was perfectly acquainted with the English language, made no other reply than by going to a drawer of his escritoire and taking from it an English newspaper, *Bell's Life in London*, from which he commenced reading, with perfect gravity, the account of a prize-fight on Wormwood Scrubbs, between, if I rightly remember, one Big Bill and one Birmingham Ben. He had scarcely finished the description of two "rounds," when the objector saw his false position, and ceased his observations. It may be said that the men were free agents, and that the bulls and horses were not so; but then this does not affect the spectators, who go to see two men bruise one another, perhaps to death. The true difference between the two cases is, that in the amphitheatre in Madrid you will see the *élite* of Spanish society from the sovereign downwards; on Wormwood Scrubbs were only to be seen a set of scrubs as unsavory

as wormwood itself. No one will claim humanity, refinement, or social consideration for the "Fancy."

I too had a curious conversation once with a Spaniard about the merits of tauromachia. He began the discussion by observing that the English considered a bull-fight cruel—I endeavoured to parry the subject.

"No, no," said he, "no nonsensical courtesy; you do all think so, but you are mistaken."

I said I should gladly hear anything in its favour that he might be pleased to advance.

"Well then," said he, "a practice can't be cruel when it pleases all concerned in it—you will grant that, I suppose?"

"Certainly;" was my reply.

"Now, I am prepared to show that this is precisely the case with tauromachia; for, *first*, the people like it."

"There is no doubt whatever on that subject, or they would not go."

"Then the performers like it, for it is an easy life, they get a great deal of money, and are very popular among their own class in life."

"Very satisfactory reasons," I rejoined.

"Then the *bull likes it!*"

"That is not quite so clear."

"Ah, if he had the power of speaking Castilian, and I were to ask him which he preferred, to be elegantly executed by Montes or coarsely slaughtered by a butcher, of course he would prefer the former; he dies, but then he dies nobly, and he has some sport himself. Now if you would let him introduce his horn to the notice of the butcher's diaphragm, perhaps he would not so much object to the slaughter-house; but *there* he is tied up and has no voice in the matter."

"Well," said I, "but even if I grant so much to the tastes and polite dispositions of your Andalusian bulls, surely the horses are not so contented with their part in the pageant?"

"Most certainly," replied he; "no horse is taken into the ring that ought not to be shot, and it is clear that a horse of a chivalrous mind would much prefer being killed by a bull in the sight of ladies and gentlemen in a splendid amphitheatre, than by a horse-boiler in an unwholesome and disagreeable knacker's yard."

I was obliged fairly to confess his logic to be unanswerable.

We have wandered far away from Palma, and its temporary amphitheatre, but the bull-fight there was only a mitigation of Catalonian atrocities. A good deal of disapprobation was manifested at some of the more barbarous parts of the exhibition, and we were satisfied that an island which only produces a murder in about seven years, will not afford a very strong hold for any sanguinary sport; yet the French, who are very humane to the brute creation, willingly attend "*funçions de toros*" in Spain, and the Mahommedans, who are proverbial for the same virtue, are the founders and inventors of the bull-fight. It is difficult to solve these paradoxes.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CATHEDRAL.

VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL—NUMBER OF THE CLERGY—ROSE WINDOWS—ORGAN—MYRIO—MODE OF RAISING FUNDS FOR THE BUILDING—ARMORIAL BEARINGS—SCREEN—TOMB OF DON JAIME II.—HIS BODY EMBALMED—MADE AN EXHIBITION—TREASURES OF THE SACRISTY—ROOM ROBES OF THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS—CHAIR OF CHARLES V.—SHRINES AND RELICS—ANECDOTE OF FERDINAND VII.—MACES AND CANDLESTICKS—TOMB OF DON GIL MUÑOZ, BISHOP OF PALMA.

THE day after the "funcion" was that on which we were to visit the treasures of the cathedral, and our kind and indefatigable friend, Don Miguel, was ready to introduce us to the canon in residence. When I speak of a canon in residence, the reader must not arrange in his mind a scale like that of St. Paul's, and fancy that there were some four canons, and three of them absent; (a system which once provoked a wit to say, that

they considered it their duty, as great guns, to be let off,) but he must bear in mind that in this cathedral there were about ONE HUNDRED clergy, and all resident. The canon who bore the principal part in the morning's service, received Don Miguel with great cordiality, and my friend and myself with a pleasing high-bred courtesy, and readily exhibited to us the treasures of the sacristy. The cathedral itself, which we visited regularly every day that we were in Palma, requires some notice: it is a vast oblong without transepts; these are simply indicated by north and south portals, and by arches somewhat larger than the rest which separate the central from the side aisles. The distinction between nave, choir, and chancel is likewise *indicated* rather than effected. The lateral chapels are as lofty as the side aisles, and the whole aspect of the interior is vast and simple,—almost bare; the windows towards the sea have been closed on account of storms, and the west front presents internally only one circular window of no great dimensions. The side aisles are terminated in the same manner, and their rose windows are closed with boards.

The organ, which is a fine instrument, is placed

on the south side, and presents an arrangement not without example in the south of Spain; the trumpet pipes, instead of being concealed in the interior of the case, are thrown out in a fan-like form into the church, an arrangement which adds greatly to the power and efficacy of the trumpet stop. The organ occupies the upper part of a side chapel, and as a pendant from the arch beneath it, is a Moor's head with clots of blood about the neck. This unpleasing trophy is found elsewhere than in Palma, and seems to have been, in the early times of organ-building, considered as the orthodox termination of a Christian instrument. The music performed is generally of a lighter and more operatic character than suits the English idea of sacred song.

Though the first aspect of this church internally is somewhat bare and unsatisfactory, the eye soon acquiesces in its harmonious proportions, and learns to appreciate and admire its real beauties. The south portal is one of the most exquisite in existence. It was in the year 1390 that the first stones destined for its construction were brought from the quarries of Santagni; and it was in the year 1601! that the last hand was put to it.

The church itself was commenced by Don Jaime the Conqueror. The work languished during the reigns of his sons, disturbed periods of civil and foreign war, and the funds were long wanting to complete the colossal structure which the Conqueror had planned. Gifts were sought from the pious, legacies were recommended, and at last some counsellor, wise in his generation, bethought himself to enlist the vanity of man in the work, and sold the right to emblazon a shield of arms on the key-stones of the central arches for the sum of one thousand Majorcan livres. The expedient was a happy one; the money which had hitherto been so difficult to obtain, now flowed in with rapid streams; the central stones were soon occupied, and every available place in the roof of the nave and choir was filled with the bearings of some Majorcan noble. The fee-simple of the roofs of the side aisles was sold at a less price, and as eagerly bought up. Vanity did more than piety, and the cathedral was completed. Those who laugh at this mode of church-building may be reminded that modern churches in and about London have been furnished with stained glass and encaustic tiles by the same process, and the

proceeding is certainly less absurd in a Majorcan baron of the thirteenth century, than in a London citizen of the nineteenth.

At the east end of the church is, of course, the high altar, with the lady-chapel behind it, and here the artistic eye views with sorrow a piece of modern barbarism. A gaudy structure of white and coloured marble, with gilded rays and ill-carved statues in the melodramatic style, surmounts a marble table covered with the usual toys and trinkets, lace, artificial flowers, and tinsel enough to furnish what used to be called a toy-shop, but is now denominated a fancy repository. Behind this, and hidden by it,—in fact, making a back to it,—is one of the most beautiful carved altar-pieces in existence. It was removed to make way for the modern abomination, and this last being afflicted with a kind of spinal complaint, and requiring support for its back, the beautiful antique was made use of to prop up the new absurdity. There, however, to be found by those who seek it, though out of common sight, stands the magnificent screen, well worthy of the artist's and architect's attention.

There are a few pictures here and there, but

none of great merit, and of monuments still fewer. One of these deserves, however, special attention. In the centre of the choir, surrounded by a light railing, stands the sarcophagus of Jaime or James II., the son of the Conqueror. The material, like those in the Pantheon of the Escurial, is of red porphyry, and the shape is the same. It is a coffer, with a raised top and side handles of gilt bronze, and was the gift of Charles III., as an inscription on the side testifies. In this, but enclosed in a chest of red-pine wood, rests the body of this pious and amiable prince, if indeed a body can be said to rest, which is liable to be drawn out to gratify the curiosity of any idle traveller.

It was with no little surprise that I saw the sarcophagus opened in the manner of an oven, and with as little reverence as if it had been one, and the contents—to wit, the pine chest already mentioned—drawn out with a hook. The pine chest was in turn opened, and the royal remains exposed to our view. The canon who exhibited this sad example of mouldering humanity, struck the breast of the dead king with a pencil-case to show how sound it was, and then hastily threw the embroidered robe over it

again. The head was much mangled, for as the king had died in the odour of sanctity, all that belonged to him became sacred, and the teeth were all stolen as precious relics. This sacrilege gives a ghastly appearance to the head, the mouth being open and distorted. Phrenologically speaking, Jaime II. would have been denominated an amiable and excellent, but somewhat weak prince, of limited energy and good intentions, and his life would have warranted the phrenologist in coming to such a conclusion.

From this we proceeded to the sacristy, and were shown a chair which had belonged to Charles V. In this we took the liberty of seating ourselves, only regretting, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague did on a similar occasion, "that royalty was not catching." The chair is a simple arm-chair, with the arms placed diagonally, so that one corner projects in front. Then the robes of the bishops and other dignitaries of the church were exhibited, —white and gold for the festival of a virgin saint, crimson and gold for a martyr, purple for a king, and green and black for other occasions. Many of these were very superb, and most the work of nuns, and presented to the church. One suit

had been embroidered by two ladies, and had been the work of eight years; another had been re-embroidered, and the pattern carefully traced over the old work. Some were venerable for antiquity, and others, tokens of recent devotion, and many had interesting legends attached to them. These things I saw to some disadvantage, for they brought to my recollection the more sumptuous treasures in the same way of the Escurial.

After all, the rich robes, the gold and silver and embroidery, the brocade of scarlet and green, the purple and fine linen of the Roman Church, strike me very unfavourably. It may be habit and education, but I cannot help contrasting them, and that by no means to their advantage, with the simple, but graceful and dignified costume of the English clergyman. The purer taste of our own day has stripped our hussar regiments of the cumbersome and tawdry finery with which the tailoring propensities of George IV. had bedizened them. It would conduce much to the solemnity of continental worship, if the millinery of the Roman Church were to undergo a reform, and the altars brought a little nearer to their pagan originals, by being

stripped of their lace and trinkets. Marble and bronze are always respectable, but playthings are only fit for the nursery or the toy-shop.

The cathedral of Palma is rich in shrines and reliquaries, and these too not void of holy relics. The church never was in the hands of the French, and escaped, therefore, the spoliation which befel so many peninsular cathedrals. There is one shrine, the gift of Jaime II., repaired and partially restored in more modern times. There is also a pair of magnificent candelabra, made by order of the chapter in Barcelona, by Juan Matons, the most celebrated goldsmith of his time. They were commenced in 1704, on Feb. 9, and completed in 1718, on Feb. 4, (the days on which they were begun and finished having been thought worthy of commemoration,) four skilled workmen having been engaged upon them during those fourteen years. They weigh 8,128 ounces, and cost 21,942 Majorcan livres. They gave rise to a ruinous lawsuit between Juan Matons and the chapter, and their subsequent history has been very interesting. During the French invasion, the government laid hands on these to supply the need of the state, and the canons

ransomed them for 11,000 dollars. A few years afterwards the same demand was again made, and the same ransom given, in order to afford relief to those who were suffering from the epidemic which then devastated the island. The canons say that if they should again be called on to give up their candlesticks, they must go and be melted, for they have not even eleven dollars, not to say eleven thousand, to redeem them.

There is an ivory carving of the Saviour on the cross, worthy of Cellini, but of comparatively modern date; it is all, save the arms, of one piece, though of nearly two feet in height. The head cannot be too highly praised. It is by a Roman artist. Some embroidery, representing the four evangelists, is much lauded, and is doubtless very good of its kind, but I fear my taste is not *catholic*, in these matters.

It has often been a matter of ridicule in England, that Ferdinand VII. embroidered a petticoat for the statue of the Virgin. The character of this prince has been much misunderstood out of his own country. He has been execrated as one of the most wicked, and despised as one of the weakest of mankind; to goodness of

any sort he seems to have had but slender claims, but his weakness consisted in yielding cleverly when it was really necessary to yield, in temporising with more dissimulation and hypocrisy than falls to the lot of most men, when obliged to temporise, and in quickly removing any suspicious or suspected persons. He was by no means destitute of talent, and while devoid of Spanish virtues, he preserved such a nationality in his tastes and even follies, as to be the idol of those classes on whom the weight of his oppressive tyranny did not fall. He was a wit, too, and his *bon mots*, if not always decorous, were pungent and racy. He put down the national guard, and established a Madrid militia in their place, but the members of the old body sought and obtained admission into the new, and the king found he had changed the uniform, but not the men.

"*Pues, hombre,*" said he to his aide-de-camp, when he first reviewed his new regiment; "*son los mismos perros con otros collares!*" "Why, man! these are the same dogs with new collars!"

Those who knew either Ferdinand or Spain never suspected him of more than two or three

stitches in the embroidered petticoat, but they did grievously suspect his majesty of some mischievous design under this unwonted piety.

There are some specimens of royal embroidery in the sacristy of Palma. Queens, and kings too, have done in reality what Ferdinand only pretended to do. They show, among the relics, a piece of the true cross,—that of course; and one of the thirty pieces of silver,—a Rhodian tetradrachm like the rest. As there are a good many more that thirty of these known to exist, and they are all Rhodian tetradrachms, persons of unbelieving tendencies might, perhaps, doubt of their genuineness; but as all have proved this point beyond doubt by working miracles, another miracle must be added to the list to account for their number and character. We were a little surprised to find none among the clergy of the cathedral acquainted with either Hebrew or Arabic. We were shown two maces, with heads elaborately worked in filagree of silver, with verses from the Hebrew Psalter engraved round them. These were shown to us as maces taken by Jaime I. from a mosque, and adorned with verses in Arabic from the Koran. They had

evidently been taken from some synagogue, and were of considerable antiquity.

At a considerable distance before the high altar is the enclosure for the choir, with a vast stone pulpit of elaborate workmanship. The seats of the canons are richly carved in oak; the histories of the Old and New Testament have furnished the subjects, and the execution displays great spirit and originality.

The chapter-house is of a much later date than the cathedral, and is one of the most exquisitely beautiful rooms in existence. The form is oval; and the arched roof is of white marble, delicately carved. In the ante-room is the tomb of Gil Muñoz, Bishop of Palma in 1429. When Peter de Luna, who, under the title of Benedict XIII. had usurped the pontifical dignity, died in 1424, Gil Muñoz, then a canon of Barcelona, was appointed his successor. He assumed the title of Clement VIII., and continued to claim the dignity of sovereign pontiff till 1429, when, by a treaty, Clement resigned the assumed papacy to Martin V., and was rewarded for his submission with the bishopric of Palma. Thus terminated the great western schism, after having divided the church more than half a century. Muñoz died

in Palma in the year 1447, and his cardinal's hat, considerably discoloured by age, hangs over his tomb.

A singular question must sometimes suggest itself to the Protestant reader, when perusing an account like the foregoing; viz. What is the precise value of ordination and consecration when received at the hands of an antipope, whom the church does not acknowledge to lie in the apostolical succession, compared with that received at the hands of St. Peter's so-called legitimate successors? The present is not the place to pursue the inquiry, but it is far from being an uninteresting one.

The cloister attached to the cathedral is very beautiful, but sadly dilapidated, and there are cracks in the walls, and inequalities in the level of the building itself, which threaten its fall at no very distant period. It has been carefully surveyed by French engineers, who have given their opinion that nothing can save it. Due attention must be paid to the symptoms of decay, and when these become more imminent, the edifice must be forsaken or destroyed. Here is a melancholy termination to this chapter, but it is to be hoped that portions of it may be saved, and the whole rebuilt, and not in any false modern style.

CHAPTER X.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS—PRISON—CASA DI MISERICORDIA—DON ANTONIO RATTLE—HIS SELF-DEVOTION—SUCCESS OF HIS LABOURS—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—DON SEBASTIAN GILI—MORALS OF THE ISLAND—AMIABLE TRAIT OF THE MAJORCAN WOMEN—EXPENSES OF PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENTS—HOSPITAL—ROOM OF VENTILATION—USED AS AN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, AND A LYING-IN HOSPITAL—STATISTICS OF INSANITY—SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—CONVENT OF NUESTRA SEÑORA DEL PUIG.

The public institutions of Palma are those of Instruction, Government, Correction, and Charity. Those of the government have been already spoken of in part, and will be further discussed in the chapter which we shall devote to the statistics of the province.

The prison, which was rebuilt in 1760, has the double advantage of a small number of inhabitants, and a much greater amount of cleanliness than is generally thought necessary "in the sweet south." And if there are few criminals in Majorca, there are still fewer beggars. I did not see one during the whole of my visit, and I understand that it is a species of animal very rarely seen in the islands. This is partly owing to the frugal habits of the

people, and the fertility of the soil, and partly to an admirable institution called the *Casa de Misericordia;* there is one in each town, but that of Palma merits a particular notice. It is a poor-house, and a workhouse, but it is not a prison. Twenty-five years ago the house was in the worst part of the city, and was moreover in a ruinous condition. It had some revenues, but no managers, and there seemed little reason to hope that it would or could be amended. Beggars abounded, and the few people who were in the house were ill cared for. In this state of affairs, a clergyman, of about forty years of age, Don Antonio Battle, undertook by himself the task of bettering the condition of the poor by rebuilding and re-organizing the *Casa de Misericordia.* For some years he read, inquired, and meditated. He examined the industrial resources of the island, consulted with the principal employers of the poor, and discarding the idea of creating a market by underselling the industrious labourer, he yet found that by judicious management the *Casa* might be made nearly, if not entirely, a self-supporting institution. To this object, therefore, perceiving its vast utility, he resolved to devote himself. He

went to Barcelona to acquire a competent knowledge of machinery and economical building; he studied the qualities of materials; he sought where they might be obtained gratuitously if possible, and if not, at the cheapest rate; he made his own plans, and superintended the building himself. He thus contrived, in the course of a few years, at an incredibly small expense, to construct in an airy and healthy locality a sufficiently spacious structure, of good stone, and admirably adapted for its purpose. It is not perfectly finished even yet, for the work has proceeded slowly for want of adequate funds; yet there are within its walls *one thousand persons* of every age, from six years old and upwards. The income of this charity is about 30,000 reals, *i.e.* 323*l.* of our money! and by a regulation as absurd as it is cruel, the house is rated and compelled to pay the same tax as though it were a private dwelling.

Before the extinction of the religious houses, the *Casa de Misericordia* derived a considerable income from their alms; but now this source of supply is stopped, and private benefactions have not been great. The work was commenced with *three pounds*, which the venerable prior anticipated

from his own small income; and it now does what we have seen. But then it must be remembered that *none* are idle here: the aged, the blind, the deaf, lame, the dumb, the children,—all are employed in such kind of labour as their infirmities will allow. They are treated with uniform kindness and consideration, and neither overworked nor underfed. A chapel is attached to the institution, which all are required to attend, and in which Don Antonio officiates himself. The inmates are entitled to half the proceeds of their labour, and clothing is only found by the house when this moiety does not suffice. But one thousand persons are comfortably fed, lodged, and partly clothed, for 13,000 dollars per annum, *i.e.* for thirteen dollars (2*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*) each. And this includes the taxes and medical attendance!

The branches of industry carried on are chiefly weaving and shoemaking for the Barcelona and colonial markets; and if any youth manifests a talent or taste for any employment not adopted in the house, he is apprenticed to a suitable master out of it. The builders, carpenters, joiners, tilers, and smiths, received into the house, have been all employed on the house itself; so that the institution

may be said first to have built itself, and next to have supported itself. There is no uniform for the inmates; for, in the first place, Don Antonio had serious objections to what he called "a sanbenito;" for society was, he said, so unjust as to look on a badge of poverty with much the same feeling as a badge of infamy; and, in the next place, by persuading the good people of Palma to bestow a portion of their left-off apparel on the institution, he saved the expense of providing the aforesaid badge. Tailors who are inmates make clothes for the rest, and repair the contributions from without. Besides those given to the house generally, many of the poor people are clothed by their friends; and the absence of any uniform is felt to be a privilege. I saw some old soldiers who had spent their best years in the service of their country, and who would have been naked and destitute, had it not been for the *Casa de Misericordia*. To these worthy men Don Antonio assigned a separate part of the building, that they might have a barrack of their own; and, with great delicacy of feeling, made them quite independent of the rest.

A committee, which meets once a-month, has

the honour of directing the affairs of the house; and it is much to their credit, that they do little or nothing but ratify and approve the acts of Don Antonio. All committees with which I have ever had anything to do, were most decidedly causes of much "loss of time and hindrance of business;" and where everything is so well managed as it is here, the less interference there is, the better for the institution. The whole management is thus left to the venerable prior, who enjoys an annual income of almost forty pounds!—but this, he says, is quite sufficient for a man who has few wants, and no heirs.

Two of the most discreet among the poor are placed over the rest, with the title of major-domos, and enjoy some little pecuniary emolument. It is needless to say that they are under the orders of the venerable chief. There are at present four divisions, two for children, and two for adults, which are superintended respectively by persons of mature age; and it is an interesting proof of the admirable management of Don Antonio, that, though comparatively little restraint has been put on so many persons of both sexes, and of all ages, not a single instance of in-

correct conduct has ever been brought to the knowledge of the superior. Nowhere but here would such a statement be credible: but the worst and only charge brought against any member of the institution has been idleness! On one only point was there anything which could occasion a moment's painful feeling; and that was, that confessional is used as the means of government; but, remembering that Don Antonio is a Roman Catholic priest, and that the Majorcans are all of the same religion, our surprise vanishes; and, while we admit the illegitimacy of the means used, we rejoice that it is in hands so pure.

The demarcation between the sexes will be more marked when all the arrangements are complete; and when the apostolic man who has hitherto been the presiding spirit of the place shall be called to his reward, this may be necessary: at present, his moral influence is enough.

Physical and moral health are more closely connected than is sometimes supposed. The best reforms are those which combine sanitary and social improvement; and the *Casa de Misericordia* of Palma follows this rule. The healthy

condition of its inmates is just as might be expected. Of children, in twenty-five years there have died only twenty-nine. The "North British violin," or "Caledonian cremona," as the learned Recorder of Gravesend once called an unpleasing affection supposed to be formerly very common north of the Tweed, is in this house totally unknown. Cutaneous disorders are rare; and though the infirmary is less than it would be desirable, and is, indeed, intended to be made, yet the necessity has been little felt hitherto. The best wish that can be formed for the poor of Palma is, that God may long spare to them their best earthly friend, and that he may move the hearts of others to go and do likewise. He himself says, "that he always wished to be the friend of the unfortunate; but he could only do so effectually by becoming their father; and so, to avoid partiality, he adopted them all." I never knew any instance more illustrious than this, of what may with very small means be accomplished by a patient continuance in well-doing; and the affectionate devotion and respect with which all classes in Majorca speak of Don Antonio, is a rich reward for the labours of his life.

The next charitable institution to be touched on is one which, however well managed, suggests many sorrowful reflections,—the Foundling Hospital, *(Casa de Espositos ;)* and here it must be freely admitted, that the numbers of children received is a proof that innocence and simplicity are not always convertible terms. Up to the year 1798 there had been no such institution, nor did it seem that it was particularly needed. Little or no disgrace was attached to unwedded maternity, and the means of life were always abundant, but in that year, by a royal ordinance, it pleased Charles IV. to establish in Palma a *Casa de Espositos*, which was accordingly done, and as nobody took any notice of it, it continued a kind of nominal existence till about seven years ago, and then another priest, Don Sebastian Gili, looking at the example of Don Antonio Battle, took in hand to develop this institution, as Don Antonio had that of the Misericordia.

At present the number of foundlings under care is two hundred and eighty, but very few of these are in Palma. The *Casa* presents the aspect of a respectable private house, and from the way in which the establishment is conducted, great space is not

required. There are in the house only about twenty children. As soon as any child is brought, it is put into the hands of a nurse, of whom there is always a sufficient number ready. After a few days it is generally taken into the country; respectable married women, who have no families of their own, are always found to take charge of these unfortunates, for the small sum of twenty-eight reals a-month (about six shillings). They are taken the best care of, and the proof is, that when at the age of four years the children are required to be brought back to the *Casa*, the nurse *generally* replies that she will adopt the child and bring it up as her own. When this is not the case, the child is kept two years, and has a simple kind of infantine education, consisting chiefly of "catechism and bread-and-butter," and is then turned over to Don Antonio, who takes care of it in his way. Three years with the nurse is the prescribed term, but it is very rare indeed that she does not claim the permission to keep it a year longer, at the same rate of remuneration, and when the fourth year is passed, she is unwilling to give up her little nursling, and then keeps it as her own.

The annual expenses of the hospital are small, not more than 820*l.* per annum, and of this sum one half is provided for by the royal foundation, and one half *was* provided by a contribution from the funds of the suppressed monasteries, but this soon failed, for the government, here as elsewhere, neglect those who do not constantly besiege them, and keep back most dishonourably all payments that they can do. Don Sebastian finds means to raise the funds, and his little *protégés* are kept alive despite of the government. When this hospital is compared with those in Spain,—with that at Seville, for example, which I saw some eight or nine years ago,—the contrast is most favourable to the islanders. The mortality at Seville was frightful, here it is *under* the average

When I began to speak on this subject, I said it was one which suggested many sorrowful reflections. The mind naturally turns to affections betrayed, promises broken, ill-regulated passions, and all the sad train of shame, neglect, and misery. Viewed in another light, we think of the restraints of religion broken through, and those of morality disregarded; we see innocent and helpless beings forsaken by those on whom they

have the strongest claim that nature can make, and turned over to the mercies of an unfeeling world; but still, while poor weak human nature is what it is, it is pleasing to see so much beautiful feeling and real Christian charity called into exercise, as we find here; and I am not sure that my admiration of the Majorcan women who so kindly adopted these otherwise unhappy children, did not more than counterbalance my sorrow for their less worthy sisters. And it is with much pleasure, too, that I record the noble deeds of these two most excellent priests; for when the awful catalogue of inhuman crimes which may fairly be laid to the charge of the Romish priesthood is unrolled by the mind, such lines as these do indeed become "green spots in memory's waste," moral and spiritual *oases* in the vast desert of iniquity.

The arrangements of the house itself are admirable, and its scrupulous cleanliness cannot be too much praised. The cradles are of polished walnut-tree wood, and raised on a kind of platform, round a lofty room, well ventilated, and no convenience is wanting which would be expected in the best regulated nursery; at least, so some lady

friends told me, and their opinion is much better than mine. Another room is prepared for the children who come back from the country, but these are not numerous, from the cause above mentioned, and Don Sebastian's schoolroom is of less consequence than his nursery. Above these two apartments is another lofty and well lighted room for a play place. The walls are hung with scripture prints, such as the history of Joseph and Samuel, and thus a little of the Bible finds its way, and doubtless not without a blessing. A few more apocryphal saints must be pardoned for the sake of the company they are in, and perhaps from four to six years old such pictures may be as wholesome a mode of instruction as can be provided for the mind.

I frequently saw in Majorca, but not in the *Casa de Expositos*, a style of print now rarely seen in England, the history of the Prodigal Son, depicted in a series of prints. The hero of this picture is represented in a green coat and yellow tights, with top-boots, and his carriage is evidently by Houlditch of Long Acre. I asked where these pictures came from, and found that they were either from

"Inglaterra" or Minorca, which was the same thing, and I saw in one house a Spanish print of the Duke of Wellington, with his Spanish title only, *Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo, Grande de España.* There was a list of his victories at the foot of the picture, without any mention of England or the English, and the happy possessor of this fine work of art had made up his mind that *El señor Duque* was a *Castillano viego y rancio!* Throughout the country I have always noticed that the English, though well received and indeed popular, are universally looked upon as under serious obligations to the Spaniards, for the help which they gave us in fighting their battles.

"You know, Señor Don Henrique, that you never could have driven that thief of a Buonaparte out of Spain, unless we had aided you in the most chivalrous manner."

"All Spaniards are *muy valorosos,* without doubt, but it was *we* who helped *you;* we did your work."

"Señor, you are very much mistaken; it was we who were the helping party, and had we not done so, where would you have been? *Valga me*

Dios! we rescued you out of the hands of that robber."

"Why, what do you suppose we came into Spain for?"

"Came for! why, you came to fight Buonaparte, and to gain victories, and we helped you to do it."

It is of no use to argue this point; the national mind is made up, and we are sometimes regarded as a kind of favoured pets, who by especial indulgence on the side of Spain, were permitted to amuse ourselves in their country, and to have a *battue* now and then, in which sport the French stood for pheasants and partridges. If a history of the peninsular war be written by a Spaniard, another by a Frenchman, and another by an Englishman, it would only be by the recurrence of certain names and dates that the reader would have the slightest idea that the books were on the same subject.

There is a general hospital in Palma, and one part of it set apart for the insane. There were only two persons in that unhappy condition; for insanity, which seems to be induced by our artificial mode of life, and the fearful competition of

our age and country, is little known where the wants of men are few, and the means of living easy of attainment. The proportion of insane persons in London and Madrid, taking into consideration the population of the two capitals, is as three to one, and in Majorca the ratio is much more favourable; while, on the other hand, Paris presents a yet more distressing proportion. It is very recently that patients of this description at Palma have been subjected to reasonable treatment. A few years ago chains and darkness were their portion: this dreadful error is now rectified.

But insane persons are not the only anomalous inmates of this somewhat too general asylum; one portion is devoted to the purposes of a lying-in hospital, and many poor married women —for such only are admitted—take advantage of its provision. This is as bad an arrangement as could be effected, and its evils are so obvious as scarcely to require pointing out. The mischiefs press on each department alike, and it ought to be altered at once. I heard something of a design so to do; but the prevalent disorder in the islands is "*impecuniosity;*" and this is not only not curable by hospitals, but has a great tendency

to prevent their erection. The hospital, with this exception, is well managed; it is kept strictly clean, and its ventilation is perfect. The greater number of patients are from the flat part of the islands, and the diseases for which they require relief are fever, sometimes malignant, but generally intermittent, and the unhappy Alcudia supplies its full proportion. The number in the house usually varies from two hundred to two hundred and twenty, including *all* cases. The expenses of the hospital are about 2,500*l.* per annum, and as its revenues amount to only half that sum, the rest is paid by the government with more or less of difficulty and delay. It may be, perhaps, as well to state, that under each bed there is an air-hole communicating with the exterior, but capable of being closed when required, and this mode is found to answer perfectly well; it is needless to say that it is an *addition* to the usual means of ventilation.

The educational establishments require no lengthened description. There is an "escuela normal" under the care of M. Riotort, who has presented to it as a basis for a museum his own collection, chiefly shells and minerals. Some few additions have been made, and it may by-and-by be of

some value to the youth of Palma; at present it is rather a proof of the zeal and patriotism of M. Riotort. That it will not be suffered to fail is clear from a vote small in itself, but significant, of the provincial government, which has apportioned to its increase and preservation the sum of one thousand reals annually. This does not amount to more than 11*l.* of our money; but even this, small as it seems, will do something in good hands, and there have been many presents made to what is now dignified with the title of a *provincial museum*.

One of the many causes which lead foreigners into error about Spain and Spanish affairs, is the extreme anxiety among them that their doings should show well on paper; and they have the art of saying few things in many words, and long words too, in greater perfection than any other people. A town boasts of its university, its libraries, its museums, its schools of art, its colleges, its establishments of every imaginable kind; and when seen, it sometimes happens that the university consists of a royal ordinance, its libraries of a few volumes from some suppressed convent, its museum

of a Moorish sword and a piece of a Roman inscription, its galleries of a few saints by third-rate masters, and its medical staff of an apothecary and a barber. Palma has really a right to make some pretensions, but it does make more than it is quite warranted in doing. Thus we are gravely told that there are two colleges for young ladies, called *La Crianza* and *La Pureza*, and that the accomplishments of *las Senoritas* are of the highest order. The truth is that they are private and not ill-managed schools in which embroidery is the principal study, and where they make altar coverings which would excite inextinguishable envy in the minds of English sister Agathas and sister Bridgets. Painting in oil is not an unusual amusement of Majorcan young ladies, and I have seen some very favourable specimens of what they can do in this way.

There is one establishment in Majorca which, without being precisely one of a charitable or religious character, seems in its present condition to be compounded of the two, — the quondam convent of Nuestra Señora del Puig, or our Lady of the Mountain.

About a century after the conquest it was observed, say the monkish chroniclers, that an extraordinary splendour was seen to hover over and play around a certain spot in the forest. The damsels of the adjacent village were the first to notice this, and it was singular that when they married they lost the faculty of perceiving it. Guided by the directions of those who continued in the holy estate of celibacy, the peasantry dug, and the result was, as may be supposed, the finding of a miraculous image of the Virgin. I was told that this narrative might perhaps be called in question, and am inclined to agree in this opinion, but the annals of Dameto state that here in 1348, Don Berenguer Battle, the then Bishop of Palma, gave permission to build a chapel and to celebrate mass in it, and that some three-and-twenty years afterwards Don Pedro the Ceremonious erected the building which exists with some modernization to this day, and made it over to a body of Augustine nuns. Nearly two centuries afterwards a law was made that convents of nuns should not be built or allowed to remain in the open country, and accordingly Don Diego de Arnedo, Bishop of

Palma, and chaplain to Philip II. took them all very much against their will to Palma, where he lodged them in a convent vacated for their use. The nuns, however, established a lawsuit against the Bishop, and after a long litigation gained their cause, and thus obtained permission to retire again to their once beloved solitude; but, in the mean time, so many ladies of Palma joined their society, and so many more visited them, that they lost their love for the country, and refused to go back to their recovered premises, and remained in the convent of La Concepcion, where they were at the time of the dissolution. From this time the convent at Puig became the property of the nation, and was turned into a house of free entertainment. Any person who came was received and provided with lodging and water gratuitously.

On Saturday evenings the people of the village assemble to sup and dance, and not unfrequently carry their festivities late into the night. The festival of the miraculous image is celebrated on Easter Tuesday, and so popular is the solemnity, that sometimes not less than one thousand persons are calculated to be present.

"And there are songs and quavers, fiddling, masking,
And other things which may be had for asking."

Food and lodging is provided for all. Those who call themselves *pobres* have it gratis, and receive a bowl of rice broth, a slice of roast meat, and a bed for the night. Those who claim to be *ricos hombres*, have a dinner consisting of various dishes, so that there is a continual confusion of slaying, dressing, roasting, boiling, stewing and devouring. Bullocks and sheep are roasted whole, turkeys, geese, fowls and ducks are made fit for human food in a variety of ways. The sea yields her quota to the feast, and the preparations in the way of plate, linen, glass, crockery, lamps, candles and cooking utensils are not to be described. Nor is the provision less abundant of beds, sheets, pillows, and all that is needful for the repose of the body. It is unnecessary to say that all this occasions no little expense, and this is provided for partly by the revenues of the convent, partly by the contributions of wealthy visitors, and partly by a collection made in the neighbourhood. For nearly three centuries now this custom has lasted, and like everything else in these happy islands,

the liberty and joyousness of the meeting is not abused. The building is handsome; it has a spacious refectory, large cisterns for water, and great abundance of material for the purposes to which it is now converted. The church is a respectable building, and serves as a parish church for the neighbouring village.

CHAPTER XI.

RANKS OF PEOPLE — GOVERNMENT — STATISTICS — AGRICULTURE — SHIPPING — COMMERCE — SMALL ISLANDS — CONVENTS SUPPRESSED — PUENTE SECA, ITS ROMANTIC LEGEND — DRAGONERA, ITS WATCH-TOWER — LIGHTHOUSES — CAPES AND HARBOURS.

HERE, as elsewhere, the ranks and conditions of men are marked, but the demarcation is, perhaps, more rigid than in any European country, save those half-civilized regions bordering on the East. The laws regard three, or some say four conditions of men; these are *Ets Cavallers*, or gentlemen; *Ets Mercaders*, or merchants; *Ets Ciutadans*, or citizens; and *Ets pagesos*, or cultivators. These are not merely social grades, as among ourselves, but distinct castes, and in former days they were separately represented in the constitution, and separately legislated for. In the laws of Don Jaime the Conqueror, these classes are distinctly recognised, and though the

distinction is gradually fading away, yet even now it is far more marked than the progress of society would lead us to suppose.

The gentry are for the most part well educated, and though nominally rich, yet most estates on the island are said to be involved, and some hopelessly so. This arises from the expensive habits of some among them, and *in a past generation* to high play. They chiefly marry among themselves, and hence a very easily observed physical difference between them and their inferiors in station. They are smaller in size, and much more weakly in constitution; the *sangre azul* ever will and ever must degenerate, unless it receives from time to time a little crimson admixture. The ladies of the higher classes show this more than the men, but they have much grace and elegance of manner.

All travellers have noticed the hospitality of the islanders, but it has been lately asserted by *one*, that this hospitality is only to be obtained by those who were well recommended, and that those who were not so fortunate might starve before a *pages* would open his door. That it

makes some difference cannot be denied; indeed, it would be very strange if it were not so; but nothing is more contrary to the fact than that *any person* would be allowed to want what it was in the power of the peasantry to give him.

With regard to the government of the islands, it will be unnecessary to speak at large, for since the establishment of the constitution, all that was peculiar has disappeared, and the ancient constitution granted by Don Jaime I. will be noticed when we come to speak of the island of Minorca. All that need here be observed is, that it was to a very considerable extent a representative government, and that each class of people was represented by persons of their own rank, so that no taxes could be imposed without the consent of the poor as well as of the rich. The Conqueror did all he could to foster and encourage the spirit of commerce, and many of his laws have a direct tendency to that end, and as the statistics of his day are preserved with much care, the advance made at various times can be satisfactorily ascertained.

Agriculture, as a science, seems to have been

much neglected, and is only now beginning to attract attention; but the works of Liebig and other chemists, chiefly those of France, are now studied, and we shall before long have specimens of "high farming" in Majorca, and especially about Palma, which will a little astonish Malaga and Valencia. I met with a French gentleman, who was employed on some public works as a civil engineer, and he was indoctrinating the *pagesos* with agricultural chemistry with much success. As he was a disciple of Fourrier, I fear he was likely to teach them other things far less profitable.

The many advantages of the Balearic Islands as chief seats of navigation were early perceived, and the Pisans, when they established themselves here in 1108, introduced what they called the ancient maritime laws of the Rhodians. Whatever claim these enactments may have had to such a title, it is certain that they were well adapted to encourage adventure and commerce. The first notice which we have of ship-building in these islands is in a circular letter addressed to the magistrates of Majorca, by the Count de Carroz, Don Blasco

de Alagon, containing a royal ordinance by which a fine was imposed on those who cut or damaged pines fit for masts. In the course of a century the shipping of the Archipelago increased so rapidly, that Lucian de Tudela asserts the number of large ships belonging to Majorca alone in the fourteenth century to have been 300, of smaller vessels 600, and of registered seaman 36,000.

The Majorcans claim for Raymond Lully the invention of the compass, and the discovery that there was a new continent where America was afterwards found, but this must be taken with some reserve. The great Balearic navigator was Jaime Ferrer, who, though he gave the world the result of his nautical experience late in life, has left a reputation inferior to few. The celebrated Don Henry of Portugal established an Academy of Pilotage in the Algarves, and placed Ferrer at the head of it, and there, among other illustrious disciples, he had the honour of directing the early studies of Christopher Columbus. Matthias Villadestes and Gabriel Valsequa were the first hydrographers whose maps were made known to the world. Juan Ventayol was another Majorcan;

he published a practical treatise on the mercantile marine; and the island has produced a large proportion of the most successful officers in the Spanish navy, as well royal as mercantile.

It will be hardly necessary to speak of the smaller islands with which Majorca is surrounded. A list of them, amounting to some scores, is given by Borer, who has also enumerated the capes and headlands. Two only will require notice, those of Dragonera and Cabrera; the first is a small islet, about three miles from the mole of Andraix. It is about two miles in length, and has a watch-tower romantically situated. The general aspect of Dragonera is that of three hills, the declivity of all which is very abrupt on the north-east sides and very gentle on the opposite. The lighthouse, or watchtower—for it is now only used for this latter purpose—is the only abode on the island; two men have the care of it, and reside here for a week at a time; they have a boat, and one has thus the liberty of fishing while the other keeps watch. The property of the island is vested in the Bishop of Barcelona; for Don Jaime the Conqueror bestowed it upon Don Berenguer

Palon, the then Bishop of that see, on account of his warlike services in the conquest of Majorca. It would seem, as Dragonera is neither cultivated nor inhabited, that the donation would be of little value, for it is difficult to see of what use it would be for a Bishop of Barcelona to have a watchtower to look over the port of Andraix, at least a hundred miles from his diocese; but some value must have been set upon it, as the donation has been confirmed successively by Jaime II., Pedro IV., Sancho I., Ferdinand I., and Philip II.

The island of Cabrera lies to the south of Majorca, and separated from it by four leagues of perilous navigation. The inhabitants are only the garrison of a castle founded there by the Council-General of Majorca, in the year 1585. North of Cabrera, and midway between it and Majorca, lies a rock called "Conejera," and which tradition points out, with very little probability, as the country of Hannibal. There is another island of the same name not far from the south coast of Minorca. The small islands were many of them the property of the convents, but they appear never to have been of any utility; several

were attached to that of Fuenta Seca, and one, the Illot d'en Español, is deserving of notice on account of the legend connected with it.

It will be remembered that in speaking of the reign of Don Jaime II., mention has been made of the convent built by that prince for his eldest son, who, embracing a religious life, left the possession of the crown to Don Sancho, his younger brother. Don Jaime the Infante, who was thus provided for, is said to have had some cause of complaint against his father, and to have carried his dissatisfaction so far as to forget his duty at once as a son and a subject, to join the army of Don Alphonso his cousin, and to assist him in the reduction of Minorca. While so occupied, the young prince performed many acts of great valour, and was as remarkable for his skill and conduct in war as for the close friendship which sprung up between him and his cousin. In a sally of the Moors from the fortress of *El Tor*, a Moorish chieftain who led on the Moslems greatly distinguished himself by his chivalrous impetuosity. Cutting his way through the Arragonese troops, he hewed down the standard-bearer of the king

with his battle-axe, and had just raised it to strike the monarch himself, when Don Jaime caught the blow on his shield, and though his own arm was broken, he saved the life of Don Alphonso. At the same moment drawing with his left hand his dagger, (for his shield had been borne on his right,) he plunged it into the heart of the Moor. After the battle a costly ring was found on the finger of the Moorish noble, which being brought to Don Alphonso, was by him, with many expressions of gratitude and affectionate regard, presented to Don Jaime.

Previously to this, the Infante had been thrown by a storm, when out on a fishing excursion, on the islet before mentioned, and there he was received by a Moorish lady who gave him shelter in a cave. She stated that her father was a great man of his nation, that he had escaped from Majorca a short time before, having been repulsed in an attempt to reobtain possession of the island, and had made this his resting-place. Here he had left her with two attendants, till he could convey her to Morocco, whither he intended to retire. At various times the prince visited the Moorish lady, and

always by the signals made from the island, knew when to avoid meeting her father, whose presence would be dangerous to all three. At length some months elapsed, and Leila,—that was the lady's name,—heard no tidings of her father. Don Jaime came not, for he was engaged with his cousin in the conquest of Minorca. When he did come, he persuaded Leila to accompany him to Majorca, and placed her in the care of some trusty friends at the convent of Mirasol.

Unhappily the attachment which had sprung up between them was one which could not be sanctioned by marriage, and the grandson of the Conqueror bore the stigma of illegitimacy. Don Jaime continued faithful to his promises; Leila had embraced Christianity, but that an Infante of Majorca could espouse a Moorish lady, was a breach of propriety which not even the most romantic of Romanceros could imagine. He refused all matrimonial alliances. He remained at the court of Alphonso outwardly in great prosperity, but devoured with remorse for his unnatural conduct to his father, and tormented with anxiety about his unwedded wife and his nameless child.

One day he went to Mirasol, and while conversing with Leila, her eye for the first time fell on the ring which Don Alphonso had given him. Mastering her emotion, she inquired the manner in which it came into his possession, and listened with a forced calmness till the recital was concluded. As soon as Don Jaime had ceased speaking, she lifted up her child, and exclaiming, "*Child of a murderer!*" flung the infant violently down the well. The ring had been her father's, and the unhappy prince had, in his rebellion against his own parent, brought this unutterable wretchedness upon hers, and upon her. The Moorish lady fled from the spot a maniac, and her mangled remains were found a few days afterwards at the foot of the rocks opposite to the island, where her unhallowed love with Don Jaime had taken its rise. From that day the water deserted the fountain, and the site of the convent is known to this day by the name of Fuente Seca, or the Dry Fountain.

The history of all warfare between the Moors and the Christians abounds with romantic incidents; each Romancero tells them his own way,

and very frequently there is but little foundation for them in truth. Yet they have their value; they show the spirit of the age in which they have their origin, and not unfrequently are themselves models of dramatic power.

Here in the Balearic Islands there are fewer traditions of Moorish times than in Spain; the extirpation of the race seems to have been more complete than anywhere else; the names of the *pueblos* alone continue to attest the dominion which endured for more than five centuries. Yet while no such gorgeous relics as the Alcazar of Seville, the Alhambra of Granada, or the Mosque of Cordova remain, there is far more of the Moorish spirit combined and amalgamated with the Christian than on the continent. The African bornouse is worn by the peasantry, and the caross is their defence against rain, as much here as in Asia Minor. Their songs are peculiarly Moorish. I have heard the same slow monotonous ditties among the mountains of Anatolia, and I have felt that there were some points not of resemblance, but of identity, between those who sung them and the race I had left in the far off Balearic Islands. But a far more unmis-

takeable token is to be found in the seclusion in which the women of the higher classes for the most part live. The custom is, when it can be adopted, for the gentlemen to occupy the entresols, and for the ladies of the family to occupy almost exclusively the "cuarto principal," or the chief portion of the house. Thus a visit paid to a gentleman in Majorca does not bring the visitor in contact with the female part of the family; nor does a visit to a lady make one acquainted with any of the "*unfair sex.*" This separation is looked upon as a great advantage by all parties, and where there are no entresols, and yet one family occupy a house, the gentlemen carry themselves and their belongings a story higher, in order still to place the ladies alone in the *cuarto principal.*

Here, as in Spain, each gentleman takes his own wife to dinner, dances with her first, (if there be dancing,) and sits by her when she "*unfatigues herself,*" an occupation which takes up the greater part of Spanish life. Any innovation upon this primitive practice is regarded as a French fashion, and not looked upon by the

middle classes with any particular favour. French fashions are notwithstanding gaining ground, as being more social and cheerful, and in newly-built Spanish theatres the *cazuela* is not to be found. This is a portion fronting the stage, separated from the rest of the house, and approached by doors of its own: it is for ladies only, and the mantilla is always worn; nor is a gentleman permitted, on any account whatever, to put his profane foot in it. It is an unsanctified nunnery, the inmates of which are bound by no vows, and is made as dark and uninviting as possible. It rejoices in the unromantic name of the "hen-coop."

I was taken into the cazuela of a theatre at Burgos many years ago, when there was no performance, just as I have been taken into a Turk's harem when there were no ladies there, but it would have been as much as my ears were worth to have been present at any other season. These little peculiarities are fast vanishing, and before long Spain will have become so European as to lose half the interest which she now possesses. Diligences in these days pass through Castile and

Andalusia; Frenchmen establish "Grands Hotels de France" in the principal cities; "Warren's Jet Blacking" is advertized on the walls; "Rowland's Macassar Oil" dresses the hair of the Señora; while "Mechi's razor" trims the beard of the Don. Those who wish to see Spain while it is worth seeing must go soon.

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO SOLLER—CALESA—BAD ROADS—ORIGINAL CHARACTER—COMFORTS OF THE PEASANTRY—ABUNDANCE OF FRUIT—DISCOURSE WITH MULES—SPANISH PHILOSOPHY ON THE SUBJECT—SOLLER—MARKET-PLACE—HABITS OF SPANISH LIFE—ANGLO-SAXON OBSTINACY—MOUNTAIN STORM—PERILS IN THE MIDNIGHT FOREST—PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE—HOUSE OF MARQUIS DE SOLLERICH—STABLES AND THEIR OCCUPANTS—RETURN TO PALMA—EFFECTS OF THE STORM.

FOR several days we had put off our projected excursion to Soller, till at last we felt that delays were *too* dangerous, and that we must put it off no longer. Don Rafael Manera had kindly resolved to accompany us, and at a very early hour in the morning we started from Palma. Our carriage was one of a truly primitive construction, and one which no macadamised roads in England could have rendered tolerable: it was a roomy kind of *calesa*, drawn by one horse. In space, it would have accommodated half-a-dozen passengers with the most perfect ease, and in point of com-

fort, a good Catholic might have considered a few hours spent in it as a rather unfavourable compromise for as many years of purgatory. At our feet a bag of carob beans was laid for the refreshment of the horse, and away we rattled through the streets of Palma, jolting first on one side and then on the other with a zeal and perseverance that promised a speedy upset.

Our driver (of whom more hereafter) was a true Majorcan, with that guileless and yet shrewd expression of countenance so rarely met with elsewhere, so common here; each new jerk seemed to occasion him a new delight, and he looked furtively round to see whether the *caballeros Ingleses* were good-humoured enough to look at the matter in the same light that he did. When he found that we were inclined to take it all in good part, he laughed outright at every narrow escape, and, encouraged thereto by Don Rafael, sang Majorcan songs, related characteristic anecdotes, and made himself completely at home. Once beyond the formidable fortifications of Palma, we proceeded some miles pleasantly enough. The aspect of the city from the land is perfectly Afri-

can; you are reminded of Roberts's paintings: the palm-tree, the intermixture of flat roofs, the spires and towers framed by the mountains with their clear sharp outlines cutting the sky on each side, while the dark blue Mediterranean, reflecting the cloudless heaven, lay like a boundless lake beyond. A sort of Alameda extends from the principal gate for about a mile into the country, planted with trees on both sides, and furnished with stone benches at equal distances. This promenade, though much frequented of old, has of late been comparatively deserted. In the summer it is too dusty, in the winter too exposed; there are not trees enough to be a protection either from wind or sun, and the Rambla within the city has now superseded the old Alameda.

The houses in the vicinity of the capital bear traces of advancing civilisation. Cottages are roomy and commodious, more furniture is introduced, good beds are not unknown, and many of the windows are hung with curtains. Here and there a country-house belonging to some citizen of Palma diversifies the scene with its pretty verandah and more ostentatious architecture; and

each new vista through the mountains shows how beautiful, as well as how fertile, the island is. As we proceeded, we met with many carts conveying the produce of the country to Palma, and noticed a curious contrivance, by which the jolting occasioned by want of springs and antediluvian roads was in some measure avoided. This was by making a bed in a cart, first with hay, then with a mattress, and then with all kinds of soft clothing; so that the farmer's family coming from the country to the city, fairly reposed on cushions all the way. I noticed this the more because it looked like a sybaritic kind of luxury, and there is really very little of self-indulgence in other respects. I suppose the true southern *dolce far niente* can be conscientiously indulged in when travelling.

The carts are very simple, some having only round pieces of wood for wheels, and consisting of long poles bound together with a kind of lattice-work, two of the poles extending far enough in front to act as shafts; those of a more artificial kind were made in Palma, which the islanders look upon as the metropolis of the whole world,

and whose inhabitants always speak of it as *esta corte*, or *esta capital*. With the drivers of these carts Manuel always made an exchange of salutations, and not unfrequently cut some good-humoured joke, ever well taken, and heartily returned: he had evidently made up his mind to have a holiday, and was taking it out in fun. Don Rafael, too, seemed to be very extensively known, and I imagine that the constant "*Bon di tenga*," which greeted us as we went along, was greatly through his escort.

It was impossible not to be struck with the vast quantities of fine black grapes which loaded many carts, but unluckily for the romance of the thing, the slight powdering of dust which the top layers had received took off their brilliancy, and combined with their deep colour, gave them very much the appearance of carts of small coal. We could not help recalling to mind Byron's words—

> "Reeling with grapes red wagons choke the way;
> In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray!"

a passage hardly fair to our own island, for a market-cart loaded with vegetables is a far more pleasing and picturesque object than one of these

Balearic grape-wagons. However, all the people seemed very well content with things as they were, and their contentment was as undoubtedly contagious. Manuel caught hold of some fine bunches for us, for which he got a reprimand from Don Rafael. He looked demure enough for a moment, but soon was after some new frolic.

To Valdemosa the road is marvellous; I have seen some even in England that were no better: and from Valdemosa the same state of comparative excellence extends towards Alcudia; but to Soller we now turn aside, and begin to find out what difference there is between a *real cammina* and an old Moorish pathway. Two walls breast-high, very dilapidated, and just wide enough apart to allow two carts with great difficulty to pass, bound the road on each side; the middle is left to the care of Providence. If it rains or has been raining much, you have partly to wade through mud, and partly to ford through water: if the weather be hot and dry, you pass like one of the Homeric heroes, through a cloud. Where a breach has been made by time and neglect, the remains lie across the road, and form a little hillock of rubbish. When the road

is mended, it seems to be done by throwing down a load of huge stones, and trusting that in the course of years they will be worn smooth by friction. Happily for the traveller, the carriages are strong, the horses and mules accustomed to the work, the people in good humour, and the scenery delightful. It is little short of a miracle that half a mile can be gone over without breaking the shafts, overturning the chaise, and endangering the passengers' necks. In Asia it would not be attempted; here a few *car-rrr-ās*, and now and then a "*Caraje!*" ease the mind of the driver, and he goes on after each new plunge as well satisfied as before with himself, his beast, his carriage, and his country. The mule, though much used here, does not seem to be so highly esteemed as in Spain; in fact, he is not treated as a reasonable creature. A Spaniard argues with his mule. I have heard a muleteer in Castile hold long conversations with his team; that is, I have heard him talk to them, and assure me that they understood him, and answered him too in their way.

"Now, Coronellā," (a long accent on the last syllable,) "there you are biting again, after all the

pains I have taken with you—why, you scarcely deserve to becalled a Christian brute! Andaluzā, take that, you pig of a mule;" a hearty *whack* follows this endearment. "Capitanā, do you see this stone?"—it was quite big enough to be seen—"Now you know that all I say is for your good; do you want this against your ribs? No! then why are you pulling in that direction? *C-jo*—you will have it then?—there!" Away goes the stone: I wonder the poor beast's ribs are not broken—but the arriero proceeds to philosophize upon the subject—"It hurts me more than it hurts you. Santissima Maria! it does indeed."

We heard very little of this kind of discourse; the sticks and the stones formed a language intelligible enough, but the Castilian was only administered in the form of an occasional execration. By-and-by, when we helped our horse with a mule, (and a sturdy and most picturesque-looking ragamuffin presided over his destinies,) I interrogated Manuel on the subject.

"Why do you not talk to the mule and reason with him, as they do in Spain?"

"Señor Don Enrique, we do not talk to a mule,

because a mule is a beast and has no soul, and that is why he could not understand me."

"Why, Manuel, they talk to the mules in Spain, and there they understand very well—at least they say so."

"That may be, Señor; they may have souls in Spain; I do not know, I was never there: but I am quite sure they have no souls here."

After some miles of this kind of road, with here and there an oriental mill, the work of the Moors, we come to forests of olive-trees,—miles after miles of little beside,—and these old giants, many of Moorish growth, take every strange form that imagination can suggest. Little or no attention is paid to them, or Majorca might supply the whole of Europe with excellent oil. This part of the road is pleasant enough in fine weather, for the shade is invaluable in so warm a climate, and the road is more smooth and practicable by reason of its being left entirely to nature.

Before we arrived at the foot of the Soller hills, we noticed many orchards of almond-trees, and the fruit was being gathered very generally as we went along. Long poles with a hook at the end

were used for the purpose, and the labour was principally performed by women and children, the former pulling down the fruit and the latter gathering it into bags.

When the ascent of the hills commences the road improves, and we found a new one in the course of formation by French engineers, which bade fair to equal anything in France or Switzerland. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more delightful drive or walk—for we preferred walking—than across these mountains. Every turn presents some new object of interest, and we noticed cottages as we went which, for their beauty of situation, should have been sketched and engraved. Alas! when we returned they were no more in existence. The last look of Palma and the sea coast, taken from the Palma side of the mountains, is like a scene of enchantment, but on turning the angle and looking down on the vale of Soller, on the other side, the prospect becomes one of transcendent loveliness. The proportions of the landscape are not vast, but it would seem as though every imaginable beauty had been gathered together to adorn this favoured spot, and had

been reduced a little in dimensions that room might be found for them all.

In the centre of this vale stands the ancient town (once a Moorish city) of Soller. You enter it between high walls without openings, but the bright green of the orange-tree crowns and enlivens them. The streets are clean, the houses well built, and the population prosperous. We rattled through the quiet old town, attracting many a lightly-clad urchin to look at our state and magnificence, to the chief hotel, where we found every desirable accommodation.

After ordering dinner and seeing that Manuel had taken care of himself and his horse, we went to look at the *plaza*, the church, and other objects of interest, and were much gratified at the general appearance of the place. The quietude is, as might be expected, greater than that of Palma, but the plaza is the scene every evening of a pleasant reunion. This is a feature of Spanish life, and by no means the least pleasant that it presents. It unites the inhabitants of every town together, gives them a common interest, and awakens much good feeling among them. On the

other hand, it tends to isolate them from other communities, and gives rise to that sentiment so common in Spain and so much to be regretted, which prefers the interest of the native town or city to that of the country at large. Faults may exist in other parts of Spain, but each particular city claims immunity for itself. "Soy hijo de Granada, de Murcia, de Sevilla, de Palma,"* as the case may be, and the dutiful son always attributes to his mother city an absoluteness of perfection not to be found elsewhere. This prevents union between towns or provinces, and has greatly retarded the growth of a liberal and comprehensive policy in Spain. First, my town, and then Spain before all the world.

While this unfortunate spirit is undoubtedly fostered by this exclusiveness of municipal interests, yet the fusion of each "poblacion" certainly is productive of good within its own limits, and as Spaniards are rarely disposed to scandal, a system goes on for ages which in England could not last a week. It is, alas! but too true, and too justly, that we are looked upon throughout the continent

* "I am a son of Granada," &c.

as "*gens de mauvaise langue.*" Would that this dire blot could be removed from our escutcheon!

After seeing what Soller had to show us externally (for there are collections of pictures, medals, and books among the nobility, several of whom reside here,) we returned to the hotel, where we found an excellent dinner prepared. It is only justice to say that I never sat down to a better dinner, or one more scientifically arranged, even in Paris itself. The wine too, which is rarely good, was of excellent quality.

While we were occupied in doing justice to our host's viands, we noticed preparations going on to make us comfortable for the night, but as we had engagements in Palma which rendered our return a matter of importance, we stated at once our intention to start immediately after dinner. I observed that this announcement took Don Rafael as well as Manuel by surprise; and the latter assured us that it was impossible,—his horse could not do it.

"Well, but there are others, or mules in abundance."

Then the weather would not permit our return.

When we had overruled this objection, another was started, and, in fine, it became evident that Don Rafael thought it wisest to stay, and Manuel was determined not to go. However, I have a theory that any national will must yield to the Anglo-Saxon will; and our will, that is, the will of M—— and myself, was fated to prevail. After a good deal of unnecessary delay,—unnecessary only because unsuccessful,—we started on our return. The sky was overcast, and the brilliant foliage of the orange-trees, which line the road for six miles, was not so delightful to the eye as it had been when the sun shone upon it.

About two miles from Soller the rain began to fall fast in large drops. The boy who had charge of the mule wrapped himself up in a sheep-skin caross, very like those worn in South Africa; Manuel covered his shoulders with a blanket, and Don Rafael began to prognosticate bad weather. In fact, we ought to have taken his advice, as he knew the country better than we did, and had rightly interpreted certain atmospheric changes which had escaped our notice. However, none of us now felt disposed to go back. We made

Manuel keep out the cold with a little *aguardiente*, of which he partook very sparingly, and we found it too unpleasant to take at all. As we proceeded the rain increased, till, when we had ascended the Soller side of the mountains, the prospect became anything rather than agreeable; and Soller itself was an island.

By a strange perversity, however, the more unfavourable the weather became, the higher our spirits rose, and Manuel expressing a great desire to know what people sang in England, we gave him God save the Queen, Rule Britannia, and other patriotic songs, in which he joined very heartily, varying them occasionally with his own Majorcan ditties, and calling out to the few people we found abroad, (some cowering down under the rocks by the roadside, and others fitfully hastening by little rapid runs from shelter to shelter towards their homes,) in English more remarkable for its originality than its correctness. Sometimes he favoured them with a stave of God save the Queen, informing them that he was going to be an English caballero, but that they were only "individdles;" in short, had it not been for his known sobriety and

his careful driving, we should have thought him more under the influence of wine than of water.

A little over the mountain and again on the Palma side we stopped to send away the mule and the boy, or rather to leave them there for the night at a kind of road-side posada. We were all wet, for the hood of the calesa was none of the most secure. Gutta percha is but partially known in Majorca. But if we were wet, the condition of Manuel was deplorable. "There is a little mist falling," said he, as he shook the torrents off him; "*Cae agua!* I was a man when I set out, now I am a man and water." We waited about half an hour under a sort of pent-house, why I hardly know; perhaps to rest our horse. Manuel got his clothes partially dried, just to have them wet through again in two minutes, and away we went with our diminished equipage. Darkness soon fell about us, and we were once or twice in doubt whether we were in the right track or not; but the appearance of a hut, where we obtained another mule, though with some difficulty, relieved our minds, and we continued our route. We were now in complete darkness, trusting to the sure-

footedness of our beasts. The forest of olives was around us, and up to the middle of our wheels we were in the water. To add to our difficulties, it was now beyond a doubt that we had lost the road; the carriage came with a crash against an old olive-tree, and there we were entangled in the forest at midnight, with the water rising around us higher every minute.

When I look back on the events of that night, I am filled not only with thankfulness to God that we escaped, but with amazement that our spirits never flagged even for an instant. Manuel's energies too seemed to rise with the occasion, and though our hilarity seems strange and unnatural now, yet I am convinced that it had a good effect then. Our position was indeed critical. The increasing torrent was roaring beside us. If we remained where we were, we were pretty sure to be drowned, unless we could manage to get up into the trees, and the tree we chanced to find happened to remain in its place; and this last was very problematical, for thousands of trees were washed away. If we went on, we should be stopped at every fresh clump, till the calesa was broken to

pieces, and then we should be worse off rather than better. Manuel got down, up to his breast in water, and went about trying to find out the road which we had missed. Don Rafael fortunately had matches to light his cigars, and by means of these and shouting from time to time, we kept up our communication with Manuel, till, after an hour of most anxious suspense, he cried out to us that he had found the track, but that it was on the other side of the torrent! One chance only remained,—to detach the mules, or at least one, and for each of us to ride over the torrent, guided by Manuel, and then for him to bring over the calesa as well as he could. This manœuvre was of course attended with no inconsiderable difficulty, but it was executed, and with feelings of unutterable gratitude we found ourselves again out of danger. We were wet through, cold, and almost exhausted; but feelings of joy prevailed above all others, and Don Rafael perpetrated a number of gambols which his Spanish gravity would scarcely have permitted under any other circumstances.

The road into which we had been thus provi-

dentially guided was not, however, the one we had quitted. It was a private road, leading to an old and dilapidated country-house belonging to the Marquis of Sollerich, and now inhabited only by a few farm-labourers. We arrived at the house by an elevated terrace, so that when we dismounted we did not step into the water. At a vast portal with a wicket at one side, Don Rafael and Manuel thundered and shouted for a long time, but without any answer. Our patience was sorely tried, and some of Manuel's wishes were by no means either complimentary in expression or exclusive in character. At last there came a reply,—a rough savage barking and howling; the wicket opened, and out rushed a large and fierce dog. We parried his attacks till he was followed by a venerable-looking old patriarch, with an Arab head and dress. He looked at us with great solemnity, but neither called off the dog nor invited us in. In fact, he had already surveyed us by the light of a torch from a sort of port-hole some minutes before he opened the door. It was not without difficulty that we possessed him of our pitiable situation; ideas entered slowly into his Moslem-

looking old head. When he was however satisfied, he called out some people like himself, (M—— had converted the dog meantime into a friend,) and we were taken in and done for; the huge gates opened to admit the calesa, and we were relieved from the fear of passing the night in the open air. As our carriage rolled heavily in, we noticed the dilapidations which had taken place in the perishable part of the edifice, and the general air of discomfort which characterised it.

We descended and crossed, we might almost say waded, across a court to a door at the opposite side, which being opened admitted us into a stable. On one side were mules and asses, and a horse or two; on the other, literally laid on shelves, some labourers were sleeping wrapped up in blankets. One or two of these turned round at the unwonted disturbance, and spent a few moments in leisurely examining us; but this brief scrutiny over, they turned round again, with true Moorish apathy, and soon intimated by language not to be mistaken, that they were once more in a state of forgetfulness.

Time passed. It seemed as though we were to be left here, just like so many dripping umbrellas

in a rack; but at length the door again opened, and our Arab guide reappeared. Marshalling the way, he led us again across the court and ushered us into a lofty hall, at the further extremity of which was a small apartment of brick, having a roof as well as walls of its own, and in which a most comfortable fire was blazing. The recess in which we were was built of brick—brick walls, brick roof, brick floor, and brick seats all round a sort of forge furnace, over which was suspended a pot, which I supposed contained something eatable; but we were undeceived before long. On these brick benches we seated ourselves and dried our wet habiliments as well as we could; Manuel helping some of the labourers to bring in a great bundle of brushwood and dry twigs, with which from time to time they made up the fire.

While we were thus occupied, we learned something of the habits of our entertainers. It seemed that game laws did not prevent their replenishing the great iron pot before mentioned with any "*feræ naturæ*" in season, and though we were not fortunate enough to find any thing therein, we had no cause to complain of any want of hospitality.

As soon as we were sufficiently dry we were taken up stairs, again across the court, to a large but unfurnished room, where mattresses were thrown on the ground and blankets given us. Thus cared for we threw ourselves down, and after a hearty thanksgiving for our deliverance, we commended ourselves to the Divine protection, and in a few minutes our dangers and fatigues were all forgotten. It was not long that we could be permitted to rest. In about two hours the shutters were thrown open, and we rose to return to Palma. Before we left, our hosts gave us breakfast, that is, they kindly offered it,—bread and salpicon and cheese; but I am bound to admit that a longer fast would have been necessary, before I could have done justice to materials so hard, so tough, and so rancid.

Our calesa was soon prepared, and we had made very little progress before we saw proofs of the ravage committed by the storm. If the roads were bad the day before, they were now all but impassable; fragments of the side walls washed away, trees torn down and lying across the road, and every imaginable impediment marked our home-

ward path. The new road which had been made with so much care, and which was advancing so satisfactorily to completion, was nearly destroyed. Many houses were washed down by the torrent; all the low country was flooded; and poor Manuel had continually to get down, always up to his knees in water, to help the luckless calesa out of the innumerable and indescribable holes which occurred every two or three yards.

As we got into the great road from Palma to Valdemosa, the scene became somewhat amusing, from the number of market-carts going to Palma, all of which were of course in the same predicament with ourselves, but whose drivers were not all possessed of such imperturbable good humour as Manuel. He whipped their mules and horses, sang them God save the Queen and Rule Britannia, expended upon them his newly acquired stock of English, and informed them again and again that they were a set of "*individdles;*" a piece of information sometimes repaid by a thump and a little vernacular eloquence, but which always ended in a laugh from both parties.

When we arrived at Palma, we found Don

Miguel looking out for us with great anxiety, and as soon as we had refreshed ourselves and put on dry clothes, we went to see what the storm had done in the city. The river had brought down some country houses by instalments into town, and its swollen waters were strewed with the wrecks of them. It had inundated the lower part of the city, washed away the bridge and a part of the wall, and was rushing down into the sea with the roar of a mountain cataract.

Towards midday the waters had subsided, and by the evening everything had resumed its usual appearance. It should be looked on as a most merciful interposition of Providence that no lives were lost in this great storm. When it is considered that many houses were washed away, and that the tempest was most violent at midnight, it will appear almost miraculous that no human beings should have perished; and yet it was clear in the course of a few days that this was the cheering fact. We were told on all hands that this deluge, so far from being looked upon as a misfortune, was in truth a great blessing: all faces were radiant with joy; the island had suffered greatly from drought, and this rain would be the means of doubling the crops.

CHAPTER XIII.

VALDEMOSA—ITS MONASTERY—FOUNDATION—PRESENT CONDITION—GEORGE SAND—ISLAND PREJUDICES ABOUT CONSUMPTION—CLIMATE OF MAJORCA—DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING THE DISSOLUTION OF THE RELIGIOUS HOUSES—CONVERSATION WITH A FARMER—CURIOUS ADVENTURE IN A CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY—SAYING OF GERRARDO LOGO—BEAUTY OF MIRAMAR—CELL OF RAYMOND LULLY—POPULATION OF SMALL TOWNS—PELANUTS, ITS MANUFACTORY—MOSAIC AT SON FIOL—MOORISH HOUSE, AT ALFADIA.

VALDEMOSA and Raxa have been mentioned in the last chapter, but both deserve some particular mention, and as Raxa (pronounced Rasha) will be noticed when we come to treat of the collections of pictures, antiquities, medals, &c. with which the island abounds, we shall here speak only of Valdemosa. The monastery was dedicated to Jesus the Nazarene; the monks were Carthusians, and their number in 1836 amounted to twenty-two. The foundation of the house dates from 1399, and it was one of the most celebrated Carthusian monasteries in the Spanish dominions,

Wherever a monastic building was located, it was very sure to be in a place remarkable for natural beauties, and Valdemosa, one of the most lovely spots in Majorca, formed no exception to the rule; nor were its advantages despised by the ascetics who inhabited it. They had converted a small valley at the end of the Valdemosa chain into a garden, had surrounded it with a wall, and planted palms and cypress-trees so as to give it a most romantic aspect.

There does not appear at any time to have been a great number of inhabitants, although at three different periods additions had been made to the building; and there were two churches, the one perhaps coeval with the earliest foundation, and owing its existence to Don Martin of Arragon, called the Humane, and the other of more recent date. It was to this latter church that Jovellanos presented an altar-piece, valuable as being his gift, and as being costly, but quite in the "fancy repository" style. The cells were thirty-six in number, and the most recent were furnished each with an oratory, paved with porcelain tiles, and furnished with a cistern.

It was while the monastery was in this condition that Madame Dudevant visited it, and indeed took up her residence in it for the winter,—in itself a most unadvisable step, as the Majorcans themselves consider it only fit for a summer habitation, and in her case particularly so, as she had with her a friend supposed to be consumptive. Had she remained in Palma, she would have found every convenience requisite for her family and the invalid; but in a ruinous convent, at an indefinite distance from the city,—for it varies from three to six hours according to the weather,—much of the necessary comfort could not be fairly expected. Shutting herself up here, and resolutely refusing all intercourse with the islanders,—angry because her piano was made to pay an extortionate duty, because the Palais Royal was too far off to have Very's cookery, and because the people did not understand her not going to mass,—Madame Dudevant amused her leisure hours in writing a book, compared to which Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" is a composition of milk and honey. These poor people are thieves, destitute of every feeling of humanity,

ignorant as the most perfect savages, and full of all perverseness. They imposed on her in every way, ate her provisions, pocketed her ornaments, thwarted her household arrangements, nearly starved her family, and disturbed her peace of mind by assuring her that consumptive patients never did, and never could go to heaven. Fortunately for the invalid in question, the case was not one of consumption after all, and the patient, when taken to a proper abode, recovered. This, *i.e.* the presence of this sick person, was the true, or rather the principal cause of all the misfortune.

Unhappily the Majorcans, like their continental neighbours of Spain, have an unspeakable horror of consumption. They consider it in the highest degree infectious, and all their humanity and goodness of heart will scarcely suffice to induce them to visit anybody infected with it. So great is their dread of it, that they will hardly suffer the body of one who has fallen a victim to it to receive burial in their cemeteries, on account of the emanations which they fancy to proceed from the corpse; and if the deceased be a heretic, why then

the sea shore is the only place open. Mr. Dundas Murray, in his recent beautiful work, "The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia," has related a most affecting instance of this, in which he and a friend consigned to the ground the body of a fellow-countryman at Seville. It would not have excited the least surprise in one who knew the indomitable prejudices of the people on this head, that the owner of a country-house should have required it to be re-whitewashed, cleansed, and plastered, before he brought his family back to it, after a consumptive patient had inhabited it for a few weeks. This called forth great indignation on Madame Dudevant's part, but surely without adequate cause.

The prejudice to which I allude is the more unfortunate, as the climate of Majorca is peculiarly adapted for persons suffering under this insidious malady, and if it were tried before the disease was confirmed, I feel persuaded that in many cases it would send the patient back in sound health. The nights are deliciously cool even in the midst of summer, and there is no place which offers so many alleviations to the heat of the day. When

I passed over from Barcelona to Palma, I was made aware of this before I had been twenty-four hours in the island. On the continent the intense and oppressive sultriness of the night prevented all sleep; the slightest covering was a burden. At Palma the nights were soft and balmy, like the finest nights in England,—

"In the leafy month of June."

But this digression has led me away from Valdemosa. When the monasteries were suppressed, there was some little difficulty as to what was to be done with those in the country. Some use might be found for those in the city, but in the country what use could be made of them? Nobody wanted country-houses; those who were rich enough had them already, and the arrangements of a monastery or a nunnery would hardly suit a "small respectable family," however "serious." Nobody was willing to take them at any rent, and the turning out their old inmates was far from being a popular measure. I had a little talk with a sensible man in Soller about it.

"Did the monks do you any good?" I inquired.

"Why, they did no harm, at all events."

I was not quite satisfied on this point myself, but said I, "Did they do any good?"

"Yes, I think they did; they had lands which they farmed, and lands which they let. They were very good landlords, and always made allowance to their tenants for bad seasons, and when we wanted help we could always have it at the monastery. All this we lose, for lay landlords are more exacting, and we have no benefit from their establishments."

This is the first view of the case, and this was the manner in which it was argued that in England conventual institutions were beneficial to the people; but even already agriculture is improving in Majorca, and a number of respectable families are settling at Valdemosa, and developing its resources more than the monks did. At first no one would take the deserted buildings, then after a little while a few citizens of Palma hired cells at a low rent, to be a kind of summer box in which to retreat from the heat of the plain. Then the place was purchased by some *cavallers*, who have turned the whole into country houses, pre-

serving, with much good taste, a sort of conventual appearance, and, above all, the tower which had been a royal residence, the cell in which Jovellanos had lived, and the church which he had adorned.

Such is the present state of this once celebrated monastery. If ever the iron rule of St. Bruno could have been tolerable, it must have been among a people so habitually grave as the Spaniards, so enthusiastic in their temperaments, and so half-oriental in their habits; and if any locality could render it more endurable, it must have been a valley like this, where every voice of nature around them spoke of peace and love. A Carthusian establishment in a great city must have been frightful, and yet one of the most comic adventures I ever met with was in such a place. I had gone over to the continent to take my son to a college in Germany, and brought back from Bruges a very dear friend. Desiring to see as much of that interesting city as we could, we gave ourselves up to the most determined sight-seeing, and among other objects of curiosity, we went to the Carthusian monastery. My friend had a nephew residing in Bruges, and he kindly placed himself

entirely at our disposal. When we arrived at the gate and knocked, it was opened by a lay-brother, who was, I suppose, half asleep, for he admitted the lady as well as the two gentlemen! It would require a very skilful pencil to depict the amazement and consternation which his countenance displayed, when the extent of his carelessness appeared. He opened first his eyes, and then his arms, and then a side door, which last named operation he performed with a kick, and pushing me and Mr. T—— against the lady, he drove us all into a small side chamber, into which he locked us! And now we began to hope that something romantic might vary the tenor of our monotonous modern existence. There might be a trap-door, there might be secret dungeons, dark abodes of priestly cruelty; and what amount of torture and penance could be sufficient for so unhallowed an intrusion! It is well said of Cologne,—

> "The Rhine washes Cologne—that's very fine;
> But after that, what power can wash the Rhine?"

What purification could be enough for these desecrated walls? While these and similar cogitations passed through our minds, the key turned in

the lock, the door opened, and the superior himself made his appearance; a man so evidently a gentleman, and a man of the world too, that not even the coarse serge gown, the bare feet, and the rope girdle could conceal it. At first he was a little shy of our friend, although there was a humorous expression in his countenance, which indicated a very comic kind of embarrassment; but he soon made up his mind that she was to be trusted, and very kindly and politely took us over the entire establishment.

Beyond the great chapel there is a smaller one, and when we arrived here, the lay-brother by signs requested permission to speak. We were all curious to know what it was he was anxious to say. It was not without many pointings and gesticulations, as though he wished to make the most of the privilege conceded, that he opened his lips; he laid his hand on the service book, and then uttered in a solemn and impressive tone, the word LATIN! We kept our countenances, and did our best to appear edified; and so decided was our success, and the lay-brother's opinion of his own, that he again requested leave to speak. The

superior again gave permission, though with somewhat of a rueful and remonstrant expression, and this time we had more than a word; pointing to a tin lamp hung over the desk on which the book lay, the brother gave us a valuable piece of information—"*C'est pour lire à dix heures du soir!!*" but whether he meant that the lamp in question would, when lighted, enable any one to read at ten o'clock at night, or whether that prayers were said at that hour, did not very clearly appear, and the superior seemed unmistakably to discourage any further discourse on the part of the humbler brother.

We were then shown the relics, and the superior actually assisted our friend to mount on a bench, that she might see the convent garden. After this we had a good deal of pleasant conversation, made a donation for the poor, and parted with many civilities on all sides.

On the 12th of August, 1835, and on the 17th of April, 1836, thirty-one monasteries and thirteen nunneries were suppressed in Majorca, containing 765 monks and 353 nuns. Of these institutions the earliest was founded in 1230, and

the latest in 1786, so that the most recent, which was that of the *Missionistas* of St. Vincent de Paul, enjoyed one century of existence. At a little distance from Valdemosa is the Hermitage, as it is named, of Misamar, so called from the prospect which it has of the sea. It is not, properly speaking, a hermitage at all, for when it had monastic inhabitants they lived in common, and were not like those of Montserrat, confined each to his separate cell. It has now been for some time deserted; but years after the dissolution of the religious houses, the monks, though deprived of their revenues, and compelled to live absolutely on charity, still inhabited the cells of this quiet retreat.

It was a convent or monastery of the smallest order. Gerrardo Lobo said of such an one, "that it was founded on a gutter, could be lighted with a candle, covered with an extinguisher, and inundated by a decanter." But in spite of its smallness, there is an interest attached to it greater than that of Valdemosa itself, of which it was a dependency: here lived the celebrated Raymond Lully; he founded it for his own residence, and

began here that course of study which afterwards made his name famous over the whole world. Here, too, were the first books printed which Majorca had to boast of. It would be difficult to find a retreat more exquisite in point of scenery than Miramar. The orange, the almond, the olive, and the mountain pine, mingle with the cypress and the palm in rich profusion; the mountain sides form a framework to the picture, only closed by the "far-resounding sea."

The other monasteries require no especial notice, nor do the smaller towns, though some are of considerable population. Manacor, for instance, is said to contain 10,000; Felanitx almost as many, and this place boasts a manufactory of some importance, for here out of a very porous earth they make water-jars of many graceful and elegant shapes, and which keep the water beautifully cool; Lluch Mayor has 9,000, and Binisalem, famous for its indifferent red wine, about 3,000; Soller about 9,000, and Santany about 3,000. Inca, which gives its name to one of the divisions of the island, boasts a population of 5,000; while Arta, famous for its caves, numbers not less than 6,000.

The way in which distances are measured in other countries, from town to town, does not obtain here, for each country-house claims its own place in the enumeration, and the traveller who supposes, from the way in which the names are announced, that he is approaching a considerable city, finds his journey has led him to a farm-house.

Yet some of these *Sons*, as they are styled, are worthy of a visit. Canet has a grotto which is a miniature of Arta; and at Son Fiol, a short time ago, there was a mediæval Mosaic pavement discovered, which ought to have been preserved intact, and was not. It was of black and white marble, and red jasper, and represented Adam and Eve in Paradise, and the sale of Joseph by his brethren; the whole was surrounded with an elegant border. Fortunately, a drawing was taken of this interesting relic, though the Reverend Dominican fathers, in whose premises it was discovered, allowed the reality to perish. One house, and only one, is of really Arab architecture, and of this only a part remains of the ancient edifice. This is the villa called Alfabia, and here on a wall

presenting a Moorish arch, is an inscription in Arabic, found also in the Alhambra and elsewhere.

> "Wisdom is of God.
> Power is of God.
> Mercy is of God.
> There is no God but God."

Tradition states that this house was once the residence of a wealthy Moor, whose name was Ben-Abed.

CHAPTER XIV.

CASTLE OF BELVER—PECULIARITIES OF ITS CONSTRUCTION—CONFINEMENT OF JOVELLANOS—ANECDOTE OF ARAGO—CURIOUS MISTAKES OF THE ISLANDERS—ESCAPE PERMITTED BY THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES—ARAGO—SAINTS CARRIE AND BASSA—THEIR CLAIM TO THE TITLE—CONVERSATION ON THE SUBJECT—DIALOGUE BETWEEN ST. ANSELM AND ST. LANFRANC—CASTILLO DEL REY—ALARM OF THE PEOPLE—HOW CALMED—SECULAR PAGE—PUNISHMENT OF THE INNOCENT CULPRIT—MARTIAL LAW—PALMA IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

At a short distance from Palma, and forming an imposing termination to the north-east of the general view presented by the bay, stands the castle of Belver, once the residence of the kings of Majorca, and lately used as a state-prison. The exterior exhibits a round tower, or keep, of considerable altitude, surrounded by a circular fortification, from one side of which rises a light tower, also circular, to the height of the keep, and is connected with it by a bridge. The gene-

ral appearance of the structure is at once imposing and graceful, and it has the merit of being even more strong than it seems. The interior of the keep, or great tower, is remarkable, perhaps unique: it consists of two galleries, one with depressed, the other with pointed arches, running round the area, and protected by a slanting roof with projecting eaves. The upper gallery is of great beauty, and the arches light and elegant in the highest degree. Long years have passed since the pacific Don Jaime II. received here the grandees of his kingdom, or since any other use has been made of the castle, save as a place of confinement.

Ten or twelve years ago, when the prisons of Catalonia were crowded with state-criminals, those who could not be received in the jails of Barcelona were sent here; and Laurens in 1840 found some fifty of them beguiling the hours of confinement by gambling. In spite of the hilarity which seemed to prevail, it must have been a miserable sight. These men were mostly, if not entirely, military officers, and some of their best years were being thus worn away in helpless

and useless captivity. There have been, however, prisoners of distinction here; and Jovellanos, (a name dear to every lover of Spanish freedom,) expiated, within the small circuit of the tower of Homenage—for so is the smaller tower called—the indiscretion of having written his celebrated pamphlet, "*Pan y toros*," a brochure not agreeable to the late Don Manuel Godoy, the too-celebrated Prince of the Peace. While in prison, he wrote an account historical and descriptive of the castle, and related many of the tragic events of which, in the middle ages, it had been the scene. Released from prison, he investigated the antiquities of the island, especially the Lonja and the cathedral; and, in his "Letters upon Majorca," has left a lasting monument of his taste and learning. It is not often that a prisoner retains so warm and agreeable a recollection of the place of his confinement. Here, too, was incarcerated the unfortunate General Lacy, and there was some years ago an affecting inscription, written by him on the wall immediately after his sentence had been read to him. "I have just heard my sentence read; whoever thou mayest be, reader, if

thou lovest thy country, remember the unfortunate Lacy."* It is said that while confined here, he was on the point of starvation, and was reduced to the necessity of begging bread of a sentinel.† He was shot within the circuit of the castle on the 5th of July, 1817, at five o'clock in the morning.

But there was a captive of much greater note, who languished here for some months,—no less a person than Arago. Charged by the Emperor Napoleon with the admeasurement of the meridian, Arago was in 1808 in Majorca, and occupying a cottage on the mountain called Clot de Galatso, when news came to the island of the recent events at Madrid, and the carrying away of the king. The populace of Palma, never very favourably disposed towards the French, and altogether incapable of comprehending either the merits or the mission of Arago, easily mistook the great astronomer for a political spy, and exasperated at the insult offered to their king and

* "*En este momento acaban de leer me mi sentencia—tu qual quiera que seas, se amas la patria acuerdate del pobre Lacy.*"

† Another inscription testified this, although he spent but a few days in the tower:—"*Sentado en este sitio Lacy pidio pan al centinela desfallecido de necessidad.*"

country, determined to take a signal vengeance on the only Frenchman within their power. They took their way in great numbers towards the mountain on which Arago had taken up his abode, fortified in their belief of his evil designs by the fact that he frequently made fires on the mountain-side, and which they took for signals to an imaginary French fleet just about to land an army for the reduction of the island.

The mountain rises just above the coast on which Don Jaime the Conqueror made his descent, and thus it will seem that the islanders were not destitute of some grounds for the suspicions which they entertained, nor without some palliating circumstances in the outrage which they contemplated. It was, however, happily only a design, for M. Arago, warned in time, left his mountain, and directed his steps towards Palma. The person who advertised him of his peril, was a man named Damian, the pilot of the brig placed by the Spanish Government at the disposal of the philosopher. Himself a Majorcan, he was taken into the counsel of the plotters, and was thus enabled to save the life of his master.

Dressed in the clothes of a common seaman, with which Damian had provided him, he met on his way the mob, who were bent on his destruction, and who stopped him to inquire about that *maldito gabacho*, of whom they meant to rid the island. As he spoke the language of the country fluently, he gave them that kind of information which was most desirable both to him and to them, and as soon as he arrived at Palma, he made his way to the Spanish brig; but the captain, Don Manuel de Vacaro, a Catalonian, (his name ought to be known, to his disgrace, as well as that of Damian to his credit,) absolutely refused to take the astronomer to Barcelona, alleging that he was at Palma for a specific purpose, and could not leave without orders from his government. When Arago pointed out the danger which threatened his life, and of which the captain was as well aware as himself, the latter coolly pointed out a chest, in which he proposed that M. Arago should take refuge. To this Arago replied by measuring the chest, and showing that there was not room for him in the inside. The next day a frantic mob was assembled on the shore, and it became clear that it was their in-

tention to board the brig. Alarmed now for himself as well as for his colleague, Don Manuel assured Arago that he would not answer for his life, and recommended him to constitute himself a prisoner in the castle of Belver, offering to conduct him thither in one of the ship's boats. Seeing what kind of a man as well as what kind of a mob he had to do with, Arago accepted the proposal, and just arrived time enough to hear the castle gates closed against his furious pursuers. It seems that all the motions of those on board were watched from the shore, and as soon as the boat was seen to depart, and to take the direction of Belver, the populace poured forth towards the castle, and had not Arago been a little in advance, his life would have been sacrificed.

It would seem difficult to conjecture any rational grounds for detaining in prison a man engaged on a scientific mission, when he had undertaken that mission at the request of the sovereign of the country as well as of his own, but though the French savant had placed himself under the protection of the Spanish authorities to be preserved from the vindictive pursuit of a rude and tumul-

tuous mob, yet he was kept there as a prisoner of war for two months.

During that time he was told, and he seems to have believed the report, that the monks in the island had attempted to bribe the soldiers to poison him, but that the latter would not consent. It is likely enough that monks, considered as monks, would think it rather meritorious than otherwise to destroy a Frenchman, and a free-thinker, but it would be less probable of Majorcan monks than of any other, and poisoning is not the custom of the island. At the same time the very vehement feeling of the people against him, might put it into the minds of the monks to use monastic arts, and there is an additional probability given to the notion by the conduct of the Captain-general, who after two months of captivity, sent a message to the prisoner that he would do well to make his escape, and that if he did, it would be winked at. Arago took this excellent advice, sent for M. Rodriguez, who had been appointed by the Spanish Government to aid him in his scientific labours, and by his aid opened a communication with Damian. This worthy man

procured a fishing-boat, and took him to Algiers, not daring to land him in France or Spain, and absolutely refusing very large offers made to him for that purpose.

There are several other castles in Majorca which deserve notice; that of Soller, which in a most romantic manner hangs over the sea, and concerning which there are stories told, which, did space permit, I would willingly transfer to my pages. Another still more interesting in a historical point of view, though less picturesque in situation, is that of Alaro. Yet the view from the summit of the mountain, on which once frowned this royal fortress, is grand as well as beautiful. Below lies Alcudia with its spires and towers, ("the most faithful city," as it claims to be styled,) its Albuferas glitter in the sun, and far beyond stretches the bright blue Mediterranean. The castle itself is now in ruins, but the ruins are interesting, and recall to mind a remarkable passage in Majorcan history. The traveller in these islands hears frequent mention made of two saints, who are never talked of elsewhere; he sees pictures of them in the churches,

and representations of their martyrdom in museums; these are Saint Cabrit and Saint Bassa. The first impression made on the mind by these names is one of incongruity. It is as though we were told of a Saint Smith, or a Saint Jones, or a Saint Popkins. The use of a surname in such a collocation is exactly parallel to that which our neighbours on the other side of the water persist in with regard to our baronets. They will have a Sir Peel and a Sir Graham, and we must therefore put up with a Saint Cabrit and a Saint Bassa in Majorca.

In the year 1287, when the king, Alphonso II., following the dying commands of his father, Podro II., undertook his memorable expedition against Don Jaime II. to *recover*, as he called it, the kingdom which he had never possessed, he experienced a most energetic resistance on the part of Don Jaime's troops, and some of the royal castles held out very obstinately against him. Among these was that of Alaro, which was commanded by two Majorcan gentlemen, Don Guillermo Cabrit, and Don Guillermo Bassa. The king of Arragon called on the castle to surrender,

but the Governors calling to mind the haughty and insolent manner in which the Moorish king, sixty years before, had replied to the emissaries of Don Jaime the Conqueror, took on them to answer the Arragonese monarch in like manner, making indecent puns upon his name, and inquiring who King Alphonso might be, inasmuch as they knew no king but Don Jaime II. Don Alphonso, among whose royal virtues patience held a comparatively small place, and clemency much less than could have been desired, was extremely irritated, redoubled the energy of his attack, and carried the place by assault, and among other acts of unwarrantable cruelty, he caused the brave defenders of the castle to be burnt alive.

The place where the execution took place is still shown as a sacred spot at the village called Alaro de Munt. From that time the names of Cabrit and Bassa have been consecrated in the memories of the people, and the title of Saint has, by some curious misapprehension of the term, been generally bestowed upon them. In the old breviaries of the diocese of Majorca is to be found a brief narration of these circumstances, with the addition that the Pope excommunicated Don Alphonso on

account of this crime, and that he, becoming penitent, built a chapel at Alaro, and established there an altar to the honour of God, the praise of the Virgin, and the reverence and worship of all the saints, among whom were included Cabrit and Bassa.

Two things are to be noted in the subsequent history of this worship; first, that it was sanctioned and sanctified by the finding of a miraculous virgin—black, as such miraculous images generally are—in a cave near Alaro. In her arms she held an equally black child, and both did wonders so long as the age permitted. Secondly, that after the restoration of Don Jaime II. the remains of the two heroes were interred in the cathedral at Palma, and long subsequently some ribs of one or both were solemnly enshrined at Alaro, where they have remained comparatively at rest, no singular miracle having been wrought by them. I had a conversation with a gentleman at Palma about the merits of these saints, which in its manner reminded me of that which took place between St. Lanfranc and St. Anselm about the merits of St. Alphage, only that our conversation terminated in a totally different result; for whereas Anselm persuaded

Lanfranc that Alphage was really a saint, we came to the conclusion that Cabrit and Bassa had no title whatever to the appellation; and the arguments used by my friend were briefly these.

First, he observed, that in 1312 Don Sancho had established a benefice in the cathedral of Palma, in order that masses should be said for their souls. Now, as holy saints, and especially martyrs, do not need such intercession, it is quite clear that in the judgment of Don Sancho these were neither one nor the other; and Don Sancho, living in their time, must have been a better judge than we can be. Secondly, that history relates nothing about them which can rank them as martyrs and saints; for though they were slain, and indeed burned, yet they suffered rather from political than religious causes, and their highest just title is to be called faithful servants of their king. Thirdly, he remarked, that they were not even martyrs to their loyalty, for that Don Alphonso would certainly have spared their lives if they had not so grossly insulted him. He went on further to observe that the devotion paid in their chapel was paid not to them but to the Blessed Virgin, and that anything beyond the honour due to the memory

of a sincere patriot, would in this case be idolatry. I fear that there is a great deal of idolatry in the parish of Alaro!

One peculiarity must not be passed over without notice; it is that the men and the women enter the church by different doors, a practice nowhere adopted in Romish churches elsewhere, so far as I have observed.

The Castillo del Rey, near Pollensa, is another magnificent ruin which ought to be visited. Like the fortress of Mont St. Michael, it is half the work of nature and half of art, and must have been all but, if not altogether, impregnable. It has now long been forsaken; its halls are crumbling away, and the humidity of its situation has aided the work of time. From its summit, it is said that in a clear day the Catalonian mountains, and especially Montserrat, may be distinctly seen; but though the view is extensive and grand beyond description, I am rather inclined to doubt whether a little imagination be not necessary to help the eye in this case. Yet it may be so; for I have distinctly seen the snowy summits of the Alps from the top of the Campanile at Venice.

In Minorca there are few fortresses of much interest; that of St. Philip, near Port Mahon, and in fact making a suburb of it, is remarkable for its strength. A technical description of its fortifications would be unnecessary for the professional, and unacceptable to the general reader. There is reason to believe that this place never could have been taken by the French had Admiral Byng done his duty. All that art could do was lavished in strengthening a naturally strong position, and there are grave doubts whether at this day Minorca would not be a more valuable possession than Gibraltar. In this fortress there is a staircase communicating from the lower area to the top of the rampart; the steps are ten feet long, three broad, and one high; but at the lower edge the step is of freestone and three inches only in height; the rest is of the common pavement of the country, and slopes gently upward. Mules and asses carry burdens up these stairs, and the guns were drawn up when necessary. The whole body of the place, too, is undermined, and a series of subterraneous galleries of great extent adds to the value of the fort. In one of these galleries are deposited the

remains of Captain Philip Stanhope, the brother of Major-General Stanhope, who took the island in 1708.

In the chapel is a monument, of which a facsimile is erected in Westminster Abbey, with the addition of a bust by Rysbrack, of General Kane, who was for many years Governor of Minorca, and who by his wisdom and the gentleness of his administration, greatly reconciled the Minorcans to the English rule. He encouraged the breeding of cattle, procured some of the best breeds from Spain, obtained poultry of all kinds from France, Majorca, Spain, and even Barbary; arranged the prices in the markets, and set the islanders seriously to work about improving their stock. Nor did he stop here; the internal state of the island attracted his attention, and he made an excellent road all through it from Port Mahon to Ciudadella. Under his government the troops were kept in admirable discipline, and Minorca enjoyed more real prosperity than at any other period of its history. A little to the eastward stands Charles Fort, with a battery down at the water's edge, and a high stone wall for the protection of the gunners.

When speaking of the castle of Belver, and of Arago's confinement there, I mentioned the indignation of the people when they imagined that his fires were signals to an invading fleet. Although the Majorcans make brave soldiers, and have displayed their prowess again and again, still it cannot be denied that timidity does very much characterise the people at large. The innumerable assaults which the island has suffered, and the ill-usage which its inhabitants have met with, may excuse this failing, but certainly events have occurred to place it in a somewhat ridiculous light.

In the year 1840, when the civil war in Spain was raging with great fury, a general expectation seemed to prevail that the Carlists would make a descent upon Majorca, and all the *athalaiahs*, or watch-towers, were manned, to give the earliest notice of any hostile appearance. The island was garrisoned by the Queen's government; and it appears to have entered into the head of the Captain-general, that as the people generally were lovers of monks and friars, they must entertain a longing desire to have so monk-like and monk-loving a sovereign as Don Carlos. He kept him-

self and his garrison perpetually on the alert, and vexed the islanders a great deal by his unnecessary and uncomplimentary caution.

At length a cause seemed to call for its exercise. A venerable old priest, in the neighbourhood of Valdemosa, awoke one night, in the autumn of the above-named year, from dreams caused by indigestion, under a strong impression that brigands were in his house, and that his life was in danger. Greatly alarmed, he screamed for assistance: his housekeeper, hearing his cries, supposed her master was in the hands of murderers, and knowing her own weakness, attempted to aid him in no other way than by shrieking as loud as she could. Her shrieks convinced the unlucky old gentleman that she had been seized by the robbers, and was undergoing the most unheard-of tortures. Horror-struck with this idea, he redoubled his exclamations, and she for a similar reason redoubled hers. And here the matter might have stopped. Had their house been at a distance from other habitations, they would have screamed till they were hoarse, and then left off, and the morning would have dissipated their fears; but unfortunately the neighbourhood took

the alarm, and as they knew there were no brigands in the island, they decided without further deliberation that the Carlists had landed. The panic spread, the Captain-general was made aware of what was imagined to have happened, and sent for the priest..

Now, whether the old gentleman was ashamed of confessing that he had been frightened at nothing, or whether he really fancied he saw armed men, he deposed before the Captain-general that he had seen the Carlist army! The troops were called out, martial law proclaimed, and the island was declared in a state of siege. Hours passed—days passed, and no Carlists appeared, until the Captain-general began to think that he had in some unaccountable manner been made a fool of. But he decided on one thing,—that the priest would not have dreamed about Carlists if he had not wished for them; and therefore he shut the poor old man up as being himself a *Carlista* and a *faccioso*. For three months, however, the state of siege continued before the people were allowed to conduct their business without military superintendence.

CHAPTER XV.

ALCUDIA—ITS UNHEALTHY POSITION—ITS HONOURS—THE HUNTSMEN OF MAJORCA—VERSES MADE IN ITS HONOUR—AREA—ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERNS—FIRST CHAMBER—DEEP SILENCE—SECOND CHAMBER—BRILLIANT STALACTITES—EFFECT OF FIREWORKS—HALL OF THE SERPENT—SUBTERRANEAN LAKE—STRANGE REFLECTIONS—SEPULCHRAL CHAMBERS—EXPLOIT OF AN ENGLISHMAN—SIMILAR ACHIEVEMENT AT HOME—SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS—HOME-GROWN AND FOREIGN HONESTY.

THE second place in point of rank in Majorca is the city of Alcudia, the population of which does not, however, correspond with its dignity. It is said that the inhabitants are divided into three classes:—those who have the ague, those who have just had the ague, and those who are going to have the ague. But it would not be difficult to find persons ingenious enough to belong to all these classes at once. There are about fifteen hundred of them, but their number is happily diminishing, and the buildings are falling to pieces for want of care. Alcudia has been

strongly fortified; and were it not for its dreadfully unhealthy situation, it might be worth while to repair the works, which could be done at a small expense. There are two walls and a fosse, and many towers and batteries, but all in a state of decay. Outside the city there are some remains of what was probably a very small Roman amphitheatre; the grades are cut out of the solid rock, but the smallness of the area has made some antiquaries doubtful of its purpose. There are several very ancient tombs cut in like manner.

Alcudia is a spot interesting to the islanders, because here it was that in the reign of Philip II. the commons of Majorca met, and vainly attempted to recover their ancient liberties. The women of Alcudia are said to be beautiful, and the men very much the reverse. The fact is, both bear traces not to be mistaken of their direful climate. The Majorcan women have all fine eyes, mostly of the true Moorish almond shape, and of a soft lustrous black; they have almost all gentle, sweet expressions, and pleasant voices, though they speak too loud. These advantages must always render them pleasing,

though in point of absolute beauty they are inferior to the Andalusians; and of what is called classical regularity of feature, they scarcely furnish an example once in an age. Don Joaquin Rubio, in a poem of great merit, entitled Alcudia, describes its inhabitants thus:—

> "Que quieren esos hombres de tez ennegrecida
> De faz siniestra y dura, de intrepido mirar?
> Que cercan qual manada de lobos la guarida
> De tímidas ovejas tu muro secular?"

and subsequently he observes that though the fever that consumes the city may disappear, yet the glory of her patriotism will never be forgotten. Alcudia is likely, however, to be at no very distant period a ruin, though it will ever be a sort of Runnymede to the Balearic islanders. As the traveller recedes from this ill-fated place, the air becomes more exhilarating, the country more fertile, and the climate more healthy, till on his arrival at Pollensa, noted for having been a Roman colony, he finds himself again surrounded by the characteristics of Majorca.

From Alcudia, a bad and ill-kept road along the sea-shore conducts him to Arta, where is one

of the greatest, if not the greatest natural curiosity in the island,—a cave or series of caves, here supposed to be equal to the grotto of Antiparos, and which are certainly deeply interesting. The descent is difficult and laborious, and not without some danger to those who are not sure-footed, and as I was suffering from temporary lameness, I did not venture to go down; but as the grotto is altogether unknown in England, I shall avail myself of a description given me by a Spanish gentleman who had but recently explored the cave.

On the top of a considerable elevation, to which the approach is by a crooked and precipitous path, and the edges of which form a wall almost perpendicular down to the sea, yawns a horrid chasm, the roof extending over the visitor's head: here our guides stopped, and proceeded, as is always done, to strengthen me and themselves by breakfast, which, as we had been riding on mules three hours, and it was now nine o'clock, was far from being an inexpedient step. This preliminary ceremony having been accomplished, we entered the cave. As we went in we disturbed a number of wood-pigeons, which fluttered about for some time; we

noticed also the wild kids and goats which abound here, and which with a few scattered palm-trees give a very African air to the landscape; and much like those awful necromantic caverns, in which, according to Eastern tradition, the African magicians delighted to pursue their unholy arts, yawned the cavern before us.

At the head of our party were two of the guides with torches of pine-wood, others bore bundles of the same to illuminate the interior, and I followed with Pepito, a bottle of wine, and a rope ladder. We were all in our shirt sleeves, and had shoes of cords in order that we might climb at our ease, and not be impeded by any loose article of dress. I would recommend strangers to put on some tight-fitting jacket of warm material; for however sultry the air without, that within the cavern is rather more than refreshing. At the end of the first or opening cave, the guides lighted a huge torch, called *the torch of safety*, because it is to throw a light to guide us upwards from the bowels of the earth. At the opening to the further grotto, we were obliged to go backwards on our hands and knees, and so creep or slide over a steep

surface which leads directly to the first internal cave. Here we found ourselves, when the torches were lighted, in a vast circular hall, whose roof rested on a single column of thirty feet in diameter; it looked very much like a giant tree denuded of its branches. All around were stalactites of carbonate of lime, fantastically shaped, resembling, some towers and turrets, others trees, and others wild and monstrous animals; the light of a few torches made the scene one of enchantment, so magnificent was the glitter of the snowy stalactites. It need scarcely be mentioned that the floor of these caverns is very unequal; in many places conical masses of stalactite have been formed by the petrifying waters dropping from the roof, and making in their fall the only break to the sombre silence of these dark palaces.

At the end of this hall we had again to go on our hands and knees to get to a platform, where a new torch was lighted before a hole called *boca de infierno;* a name by no means misplaced. So narrow was the passage, and so obscure, that every movement I made I struck my head against the walls, and when we emerged into the second inte-

rior cavern, and another torch was lighted, I found myself on a kind of balcony, and looking down into a black abyss. The guides now asked whether I would like to descend, assuring me that the precipice was only forty-eight feet deep, but that many travellers satisfied themselves with that peep into the abyss which I had just enjoyed. I replied that I would descend, and the ladder was unrolled, and made fast to a column of marble, planted here by nature apparently for the very purpose.

The ladder had fifty steps, and Pepito and the guides went down like accomplished rope-dancers. It is a descent which requires care, for the inexperienced climber is tolerably sure to get bruises and cuts from the walls and projecting points of the precipice, and if he come off with nothing worse, he may think himself rather lucky than otherwise. I felt nervous, and did not escape a little grinding and grazing, but I arrived safely at the bottom, and when we lighted more torches, I perceived that the precipice formed one wall of a subterranean hall, whose proportions were far grander than that from which we had descended.

The roof of this immense cavern rested on six pillars, looking like Gothic columns symmetrically arranged, and so lofty that the torch-light was altogether insufficient to reach the ceiling. A Bengal light did what was required, and I felt that all the trouble and danger were well repaid. The sides and vaults of this cave were partly of white stalactite, (carbonate of lime,) and partly of black stone. A vast sheet hung like a snowy curtain from one part of the roof, and beside it a great number of pipes like organ pipes of alabaster, and which gave out a musical sound on being struck. In another place a branchy fragment of black rock was surmounted by a globe of azure so brilliant that it looked like lapis lazuli. On the left lay a sombre lake whose still waters had never been illuminated by the sunbeams. The reflection of the domes and crystals above in this silent sea, brought to mind the description of the poet—

> "Above, the arch was crystal; sapphire domes,
> And minarets, and cupolas, and spires,
> Of height immeasurable, and of costly stones,
> Wrought by invisible hands, shed through the air
> And the translucent waters the soft light
> Of their own glorious hues."

The effect produced by the fading out of the Bengal lights—the thick black darkness that gathered round us, the ghastly glimmering of the torches, and the deep silence, was inconceivably awful. Silence at the surface of the earth is a very different thing from the silence that prevails at these depths beneath, and in these solemn halls framed by the Creator's hand. There the stillness is the cessation of sound; another instant, and the voice of Nature breaks forth again. Here she is all voiceless, and if her primæval stillness is broken by the lips of any intruder, the echoes come back with a supernatural tone, as though they spoke to him from unfathomable depths beneath.

On one side of this hall of silence are fifteen small grottoes somewhat like the chapels of a cathedral, and one is festooned with curtains of black marble, and has within it an urn of the same sable material. Have the Djins buried here one of the pre-Adamite Sultans, or has Nature employed herself in mocking the habits of man? All these fifteen caves communicate one with another, and form a labyrinth more interesting than that of Crete.

Beyond this huge cavern there is another called the Hall of the Serpent. Here we were obliged to expend another of our Bengal lights, and then we saw soaring high in the air above us, what seemed a gigantic plesiosaurus with expanded wings, and ready to swoop down on the adventurous mortals who dared to question 'the reign of silence and ebon night' in their own eternal kingdom. A thousand classic ideas came into my mind—the Lernæan hydra, the dragon Cetus, the Scandinavian Midgard, and the Indian Sesha; but my cogitations were put to flight by Pepito, who gravely assured me that this was the serpent with which the angel Gabriel fought!

Beyond the *Sala del Culebron* are passages leading to other and perhaps yet more stupendous caves, but no one has ever entered them. For this there is a very solid reason—the air is impregnated with carbonic acid, and breathing becomes difficult; even in the hall of the serpent the torches burn dimly, and would not light up any deeper grotto. We therefore returned. It was at least an hour before we found ourselves again at the entrance of the cavern, and never

before did I so heartily rejoice at seeing the light of day.

The descent and examination of the various caverns occupies about five hours. The first of the internal cavities has many inscriptions left on its walls by its numerous visitors, some as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, and among others that of an Englishman, who about fifteen years ago, to keep up the credit of his country, broke so many stalactites as to load eight mules with them, which booty he took to Palma and afterwards brought to England. As he probably considered this a very creditable achievement, I shall not perpetuate his *glory* by mentioning his name.

The inhabitants of Arta speak with astonishment of an English lady who visited the cave, and who, contrary to the advice of the guides, rode up the perilous ascent to its entrance on horseback, a thing never done or even attempted by any other person within the memory of man. The exploit of the Englishman before mentioned reminds me of what took place in our own country some few years ago. There is in a certain western county, and on the estate of a

nobleman, a cave in the side of a hill which is very beautiful; it is coated with stalactites of arragonite, and as that mineral is not common, those who visited the cave frequently broke off some of the most ornamental crystals, and carried them away as valuable trophies. The noble lord to whom the cave belonged, in order to prevent this, built a wall before the entrance, and had a door made with a lock to keep out depredators. An old servant who lived about a mile off had charge of the key, and those who wished to see the wonders of the cavern were obliged to have recourse to this man, who thus made a kind of benefice of it. He provided flint and steel, tinder, candles and all other requisites for exploring, charging for them and his own trouble according to a tariff rather higher perhaps than would have been sanctioned by free trade.

It happened once that a party of gentlemen, men of rank, learning, and fortune, started on an expedition to explore this cave, and if possible to obtain, in despite of the dragon, a few crystals of arragonite. They went to the surly and grasping old janitor, and he, with his usual load, and

more than his usual politeness, accompanied them. As the party proceeded their talk was of geology and chemistry and all the cognate sciences. "See," said an M. D. as he stooped down by the side of a brook, "here is native sulphur—let us see if it is pure enough to burn. Lend me your flint and steel, my good man, and the tinder-box." The materials were produced, but in the act of striking a light the box was precipitated into the brook! The ill-humour of the door-keeper burst forth at once: "Now I must go back and get some fresh tinder; we are close to the cave, and I have two miles to walk." "No, no," said the doctor; "I have tinder with me," and producing some German tinder, he restored good humour by igniting it by means of a brass cylinder and piston, which acted by the sudden compression of air.

When they were fairly within the cave it was found that the German tinder would not act—the doctor having cunningly wetted the piece which he produced for the purpose. "You really must go back to your cottage and get some more tinder, but we will take care to

remunerate you for your trouble." Thus encouraged, the usher of the crystal chamber departed to his dwelling. As soon as his back was turned dry tinder was found, the piston acted well, the candles were lighted, hammers were brought out, and as many stalactites as could be conveniently disposed of found their way into the pockets of the party. One waited outside as a scout. As soon as the old man was seen approaching, the wax candles were again pocketed; the hammers followed their example, with the piston, and all the gentlemen united in objurgating the guide on account of the time he had taken to go so short a distance. When *his* candles were lighted by *his* tinder and matches, the ravages became evident, but as he imagined the whole party to have been in the dark, whereas he was himself the only person in that predicament, he accused some unknown thieves of having obtained entrance by means of a false key, and reported to his lordship accordingly. Lord and servant are now with their forefathers, but I do not feel at liberty to give any names.

Very near the grotto of Arta there is another

object of interest—it is a piece of Cyclopæan architecture, and is called by the people *El claper dels gegants.* It is a circle of fifteen feet in diameter: the stones are, as the title cyclopæan imports, not cut, but merely fitted together; they are of great size, and have been selected with as much care as those at Argos and Tiryns. The entry is level with the ground, and is composed of two upright masses of stone and one laid across: the way is a little encumbered with ruins, but the general outline is complete. There seems every reason to believe that these monuments—for there are two or three on the island—are of Phœnician origin, and yet within the circuit of one was found a sword said to be of Celtic workmanship, and several stone axes or celts, with other Celtic relics.

Throughout all this part of the country it is impossible to overrate the badness of the roads. Vargas, who does not deal in figures of speech, declares that every step you travel you are in danger of dislocation; and Cortada recommends the Majorcans to make roads all over the island, and to establish diligences—"For then," says he, "your beautiful country will have many visitors:

now, it is a thing all but impracticable;" and he takes occasion to observe that the multitudes of foreign visitors who throng places easy of access are a true source of riches. The advice is undoubtedly good, however questionable may be the reason alleged. The simplicity and sincerity of the Majorcan character would soon deteriorate were the island as much visited as Switzerland, and very soon some of the Swiss extortion would be found among the *sons* and *puigs* of this interesting people. I am very glad to have seen Majorca while roads, as we apply the word, hardly exist, and while the native integrity of the people, as yet uncontaminated by foreign mixture, makes a residence among them so refreshing.

It has been very gravely said that evil-minded persons become humane and gentle in Majorca—a result not altogether to be denied; the want of sympathy with all that is fierce and uncharitable, and the example of quiet and honest good-humour every where set, must have some effect even upon the most ferocious disposition. I remember many years ago to have met with an instance of honesty in the south of Spain that deserves to be recorded.

At the small town of Carmona, about half-way between Cordova and Seville, I had received a great deal of attention from one of the waiters at the *Fonda*. When departing I offered him a gratuity, which he respectfully declined, telling me that a charge was made in the bill for him and the other servants! I did not allow him to lose anything by his honesty; and I think, that if the Religious Tract Society would kindly allow me to have this anecdote printed with a few others like it in a hand-bill, travellers would feel great pleasure in distributing them among the waiters at our English hotels.

I add a circumstance still more extraordinary. A friend of mine, a solicitor of eminence, a few months ago took a cab from his office in the city, and went some short distance westward: guessing the fare, he said to the driver, "I suppose I must pay you eighteen-pence?" "NO SIR; THE FARE IS ONE SHILLING!" And here I would suggest how much better is the practice which generally prevails on the Continent than our own: there, where a fixed charge is made, everybody is satisfied; here, where the purse of the wayfarer and the

expectations of a train of servants are running a match, no one *can* be satisfied. Hotel charges are high—too high—every where, and quite as much so abroad as at home: a journey through Spain or Germany will convince the most sceptical of this; but there is no necessity to make them higher, by a system which is equally unprofitable to the hotel-keeper, and unpleasant to the traveller. While in Majorca, I saw but little of hotels, or, as they should be called, *Fondas*—(the more modern term is unknown)—what I did see was greatly to their advantage in point of cleanliness, civility, and reasonable charges, and Las Tres Palomas at Palma bears a very enviable reputation in all these respects.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEDIGREE OF NAPOLEON—ARMS FOUND IN MAJORCA—IN BARCELONA—ARGUMENTS FOR A FRENCH ORIGIN FOR THE EMPEROR—CHIEF HOUSES OF MAJORCA—FAMILY PRIDE, CURIOUS INSTANCES OF—SPANISH NAMES—FAMILY OF DESPUIG—THE GREAT CARDINAL—TITLES OF HONOUR IN MAJORCA—LIST OF TITLED FAMILIES.

AMONG the many interesting documents preserved in the library of the Count de Montenegro, is one which concerns a family named Bonapart, and very probably—most probably—that of the Emperor Napoleon. In a heraldic MS. containing the blazonings of the principal families of Majorca, and which appears to have been the property of Don Juan Dameto, the historian of Majorca, who died A.D. 1633, is the genealogical tree and armorial bearings of the family of Fortuny, whose descendants rank among the nineteen titled houses of the island, and enjoy the

dignity of Counts de la Cueva. The name of Bonapart occurs thus:—

1	2
BORTUNY.	COS.
His father, Solar of Majorca; argent five pellets, two, two and one.	His mother, Solar of Majorca; gules, a boar passant or, crowned with a fleur-de-lis of the second.
3	**4**
BONAPART.	SARI.
His paternal grandfather; per pale azure and or; dexter, a lion rampant of the second; sinister, five mullets sable, two, one and two; on a chief or, a demi eagle volant sable.	His maternal grandmother; per pale gules and azure; dexter, three turrets argent, two and one; sinister, three fesses wavy argent.

Another illumination gives the arms of Bonapart thus:—

> "Per pale azure and gules; dexter, six mullets or, two, two and two; sinister, a lion rampant or, on a chief or, a demi eagle displayed sable."

These two blazons are inconsistent, and it is impossible to prefer one to the other; but the name of Bonapart occurring thus with the title of Solar of Majorca, would indicate that the family "came in with the Conqueror." This is rendered still more probable by the coincidence that the

family of Fortany being nobles of Arragon as well as of Majorca, their arms are to be found in the book of arms of the kingdom of Arragon; and in the archives of that kingdom, preserved at Barcelona, is to be found the same genealogical table, with the same mention of Bonapart as *Solar de Mallorca*. Again, in the crown register under the reign of Pedro III. are found two deeds, making mention of a family named Bonpar, which being of Provençal origin, would, according to the genius of the Majorcan language, become Bonpart or Bonaparte.

Further, Hugo Bonapart, a native of Majorca, went into Corsica as viceroy of that island under Don Martin of Arragon. If the family of the emperor trace their descent from him, it would be easy to exhibit for them a *French* origin, which Napoleon would have given much to demonstrate; for we have:—

I. A Provençal family bearing the name of Bonpar.

II. A family entering Majorca with Don Jaime, whose names afterwards occur as Bonpart or Bonapart.

III. A Majorcan of that name ruling the island of Corsica for an Arragonese king.

IV. The Italian rule and language prevailing in Corsica, and naturally changing Bonpar, Bonpart, or Bonapart, into first Bonaparte, and then Buonaparte; and it is known that the members of the imperial family used the two latter signatures almost indifferently.

It is probable that these genealogical facts were till of late known to very few even in Spain. Some tombs of the family existed in the Dominican convent; but even had they been more generally known either in Majorca or Arragon, it is very unlikely that the proofs of them would have been allowed to fall into the hands of the French. So great was the detestation with which Napoleon was regarded generally in the peninsula, and especially in these islands, that such documents would unquestionably have been concealed or destroyed. At the same time there is much to be said on the other side of the question; for, first, the name of Don Martin's viceroy could have been no secret, nor his country, which there was no reason to conceal, but much to glory in.

Secondly, if one of the earliest noble families, Solars of Majorca, was named Bonapart, the very name would suffice to show that those who bore it were Provençals, and neither Arragonese nor Catalonians; so that the chief facts must have been patent, and scarcely needed the testimony of a Majorcan book of arms, or a record in the archives of Arragon.

From this it would seem that the proof afforded of a French origin for the family of Buonaparte must have been known, but not esteemed. It cannot, however, be deemed uninteresting, for all that concerns the ancestry of such a man has its value; and perhaps those gleams of gentleness which lighted up the warrior life of the great captain, may have had their origin in drops of Majorcan blood. The eagle made by him the standard of the French empire, and the stars in which he was so devout a believer, are to be found in the bearings of his island ancestry, and whether those stars were golden as one blazon gives them, or sable as they are depicted by another, they are alike applicable to his grand but fitful career, nor does the rampant lion ill suit

the character of a greater conqueror than Don Jaime.

Majorca has not been unproductive of great men, but "take him for all in all," the most eminent of her sons was unquestionably Raymond Lully. A poet, a philosopher, a divine, he excelled also in all the lighter accomplishments of his day, and has left a reputation inferior to few. He is most generally known as an alchemist, and the circumstance which first turned his thoughts towards chemical science is not unromantic. Deeply attached to a young lady of his native island, he long wooed her in vain; for though she unhesitatingly avowed her regard, she resolutely refused to listen to his entreaties. One day, in reply to solicitations more pressing than usual, she uncovered her breast, and showed him that it was devoured by a hideous cancer. Greatly affected by this painful spectacle, the young cavalier vowed to devote his life to the relief of suffering humanity, and faithfully did he fulfil his vow.

The particulars of his life have not been all ascertained with accuracy, nor is it certain whether

the sad condition of the lady above named led him to turn his thoughts to medicine, and more particularly chemistry, or whether he at once entered upon a religious life. He travelled, however, extensively. He preached the doctrines of Christianity among the Moslem and the heathen. He suffered many persecutions, and even captivity, on account of his missionary zeal, and his life was not unfrequently in danger. After his return from these pilgrimages, he devoted himself to natural philosophy, and though he is said to have been the first who ever wrote distinctly of the manner in which the "philosopher's stone" might be made, yet he exercised a beneficial effect on the science of his day, by the stress which he laid on *experiment*, as the sole foundation of philosophical discovery. He visited England, and is reported to have exercised here "the craft of multiplication."

The great Majorcan claims a high place among the founders of chemical science, and the romantic excellency of his character invests him with a degree of interest rarely accorded to an enthusiast. It may well be supposed that his scientific

fame, as well as his theological tenets, (for he ranks high among the scholastic divines,) are not allowed to be forgotten in his native country.

There is a great deal of national pride in these islands, and while they are well contented to form a province of the Spanish monarchy, they yet look on themselves, and rightly enough too, as forming a distinct people. Without the interminable ancestry of the Welsh, they resemble them much in the care which they take of their island pedigrees, and in the exultation with which they exhibit those which are the freest from Spanish intermixture. Half a century ago there were gentlemen in Majorca who boasted not only that they had never visited Spain, but that they had never even addressed a letter there; and yet this was combined with a sincere respect for the Spanish character, and a hearty acquiescence in the Spanish government.

The nine chief barons or solars who accompanied Don Jaime when he conquered the Balearic Archipelago, founded families there which are still extant, and, even among the nobility, affect to be a separate class. In their treaties one with

another they assume the language of royal houses, and till a few years ago contracted no marriages out of their own limited circle.

Twenty years since, one of these families refused a daughter of their house to a grandee of Spain and captain-general of the province, on the ground of *inequality of condition!!* and ten years ago, a still more remarkable instance occurred. A Majorcan nobleman, of great wealth and high descent, but not within the prescribed limits, proposed to one of the magic princesses. The proposal was at first treated with disdain; but as the lady's affections were engaged, and as, moreover, the intended bridegroom was young, amiable, rich, accomplished, and well-born, the imperial house condescended to relent so far as to say to the Marquis,—"We cannot accept your proposal, on account of your inferior blood, but if you like to run away with the young lady, we will wink at it, and sooner or later receive you as our son-in-law." To which decent and reasonable proposition the Marquis replied, with something of the haughtiness befitting his Castilian descent, that his escutcheon was as good as any in Majorca, and

that he was under no necessity of stealing a wife. Ultimately these high-mightinesses gave their sublime consent, and the enchanted circle was broken!

The most usual phrase to express uncontaminated nobility, is to say, that such an one "*es tan noble como las nueve casas*"—"he is as noble as the nine houses." At present there are nineteen houses of Balearic nobility bearing titles. Some of these families have rendered the most important services to their country, and none more so than that of Despuig. This name is the same as the Spanish Delmonte, or the French Dumont, and probably would have taken those forms in France or Spain. One old Spanish family, Los Pratos, whose escutcheon is anomalous even in that land of heraldic anomalies, Spain, (vert semée of flowers proper,) has branches in nearly all the chief European countries, and the name has been altered in each. It is in France, Duprés; in Italy, Dei Prati; in England, Pratt, Meade, Field, and Meadows; in Germany, Von Blumenfeld; in Holland, Blumveldt; in Catalonia and Majorca, Prats. And there are in England per-

sons bearing the names of Bloomfield and Blomfield, who can trace through a German branch their origin to the Spanish stock.

To return, however, to the family of Despuig. One of this race was elevated by Pope Pius VI. to the dignity of Cardinal, and as he spent much of his time in his native island, he exerted himself greatly to spread information among all classes of the population. We shall have occasion to speak hereafter of his magnificent collection of pictures, statues, books, medals, and antiquities. He was in all respects a great benefactor to Majorca, especially to the city of Palma, and to the *termino* of Valdemosa, near which place he built a country-seat, called Raxa, and which, had it been finished according to his plans, would have been one of the most magnificent in the Spanish territory.

Many of the names of the Balearic nobility will suggest great deeds in arms, great achievements in arts, and great discoveries in science. Montoro, Togores, Despuig, Romana, D'Orfila, are all of European celebrity. Of old, when a house belonging to a nobleman fell by his death to

another family, and no member of that family chose to reside in it, it was allowed to run to decay; and even in the present day this is sometimes the case. I saw a fine palace, the residence of the late Marquess de Reguer, actually uninhabited for this reason. They will perhaps soon be willing to alter a rule so absurd, and to let their unrequired houses,—an arrangement which would be equally beneficial to them and to their tenants.

I have before me a fit conclusion for a chapter like the present, in a table drawn up by Don Joaquin Maria Bover de Rosello, on the forms of address and titles anciently used in the Balearic kingdom, some of which are still employed:—

L'alt (the High).—Title of the kings of Majorca in the 13th and 14th centuries.

L'amat (the Beloved).—Given to the *Bayles* of the cities, and confirmed by Don Pedro the Ceremonious.

Don (Dominus).—Not used in Barcelona till 1400, but in Majorca used in documents as early as 1282.

Doncel or Donzel (diminution of the above).—Title equivalent to esquire in the 16th century.

Discrét.—Given to the *Doctores de la Morberia*, the primitive sanitary council in the 15th century; bestowed on the *Procuradores Reales* in the 17th and 18th.

Excelencia.—*Excelentísimo*.—Once confined to the kings of Majorca, afterwards granted to the Captains-general, to Grandees of Spain, after the union, and to Knights of the Golden Fleece, of the order of Charles III. and of St. Hermengild.

Egregio (Egregious).—*Egregia.*—Title given to the Viceroys of these islands, together with that of *Muy Illustres.* The *Procuradores Reales* also bore it, and their ladies the corresponding title.

En or 'N.—This simple distinction, En Jaime, En Pedro, 'N Amfos, 'N Arnau, was at first given to kings only; but Escolano states that when kings left off the title citizens took it up. It was in general use in Majorca in the 14th century.

Espectable (Respectable).—Used in addressing *(by writing)* a *Procurador Real.*

Fedelissimos (Most Faithful).—Title given to the citizens of certain cities, and often to the cities themselves, as *e. g.* Alcudia; the inhabitants of which city are "most faithful" by virtue of a royal ordinance of Charles V. in 1535. The *Jurats* of Majorca and Minorca are all "most faithful."

Generos (Generous, *in point of birth*, Lat. *generosus*).—This title was exclusively due to the *Infantes* of Majorca in the 13th century; afterwards those who had civil jurisdiction were permitted to assume it. It was always combined with other titles, as "*So noble e generos en Bernad Torella.*"

Honor.—Rich farmers in the 17th century were here styled "your Honour."

Honorable.—*Procuradores Reales*, canons of the cathedral, merchants, members of the chamber of commerce, established by Don Martin in 1409.

L'honrad (Honoured).—The *Veguerss* or mayors of Palma in the 14th and 15th centuries.

L'ilustre (Illustrious).—*Infantes* of Majorca in the 13th and 14th centuries; jurats and bayles in the 16th and 17th.

L'ilustrissimo (Most Illustrious).—Eldest sons of the kings of Majorca to the 14th century; viceroys of the islands in the 16th and 17th; bishops of Palma—these last were also *Reverendissimo.*

Invicto (Unconquered).—*Invictissimo* (Most Unconquered).—After Don Jaime el Conquistador the kings of Majorca assumed this title.

Magnífico (Magnificent).—*Bayles-general*, judges, the almutazen, the doctors of the *Real Consell*, *Alcaldes Mayores de Palma*.

Maestro (Master).—Doctors in the learned faculties (obsolete).

Militar (Soldier).—Knights (obsolete).

Messer (Master).—Same as Maestro (obsolete).

Mosso (Sir).—*Mosson*.—*Mosser*.—*Moiseng*.—The Provençal form of Monsieur, applied by way of courtesy to gentlemen in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, and brought into common use in the beginning of the 17th (now obsolete).

Muy Ilustres (Very Illustrious).—Knights of the military orders, viceroys, and field-marshals in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. The courts of *Real Audiencia*; *Ayuntamiento Constitucional de Palma*; the *Gefe Político*; and by a decree of Philip II. the Inquisitors.

Saviesa (Learning).—*Vosse saviesa* (your Learning).—Judges, procuradores, and members of the general council (now obsolete).

S'est.—Given to respectable labourers.

Señyer.—Citizens of Majorca, Infanzones of Arragon, and burgesses of Perpignan.

Serenísimo (Most Serene).—A title given to the kings of Majorca.

Señoría Ilustrísima (Most Illustrious Lordship).—To the Viceroys in the 16th and 17th centuries, and to the Bishop of Palma at present.

Venerable (Venerable).—The dean and chapter, and the rectors of parishes in the islands. In the 14th century the Procuradores Reales enjoyed this title.

All these titles were strictly defined by law, and to apply one higher than that due was punishable, while to apply a lower one was almost an unpardonable offence. Of the twenty titled houses nineteen are as follows:—

1. Marquis de Belpuig.—Created in 1615. Exo. Señor Don Francisco Xavier Dameto Rocaberti Boxadors y Nuñez de San Juan, Conde de Peralada.
2. Conde de Ayamans.—Created in 1634. Sr. Don Pascual Felipe Zan glada y Ballester de Togores, Baron de Llozeta.
3. Conde de Sta. Maria de Formiguerra.—Created in 1635. Sr. Don Antonio Juan Zafor tera y Morro antes Ferrer de San Jordi y Veves.
4. Marquess de la Romana.—Created 1639. Exo. Señor Don Pedro Caro Salas Boxadors Sureda Valero. Toqores Maza de Lizana Cornel y Luna de Aragon, Viscoñde de Benaesa, Baron y Señor de Moxento Noneida y Castello de la Mola. Grande de España.
5. Conde de Montenegro y de Montoro.—Created 1668. Exo. Señor Don Ramon Despuig Ram de Montoro, Martinez de Marcilla Lafortera Dameto y Sureda. Grande de España.
6. Baron de Laubiach.—Created 1682. Sr. Don Gabriel Cardona Fernandez de Cerdola Lozano, Olwar, Martorel Squella y Sentes.
7. Conde de la Cueva.—Created 1698. Sr. Don Juan Bautesta de Quemult y Sylva.
8. Marquess de Vivot.—Created 1717. Don Juan Surada Vivot y Boxadors.
9. Marquess de Artany.—Created 1717. Doña Maria Theresa Cotener y Lavalla.
10. Marquess de Campo Franco.—Created 1718. Sra. Doña Maria Josefa de Pueyo y Chacon.
11. Marq. de la Torre.—Created 1728. Sr. Don Fernando Trugols y Villalonga.
12. Marq. de Reguer.—Created 1739. Extinct.
13. Marq. de Sollerich.—Created 1770. Don Fausto Morell y Moragues.
14. Marq. de Albranca.—Created 1789. Don Gavino Martorel y Martorel.
15. Marq. de la Bastida.—Created 1791. Don Francisco de Montis y Bonèo.

16. Marq. de Casa Farrandel.—Created 1805. Exo. Señ. Don Manuel Farran del de Maroto y Villalonga. Grande de España.

17. Marq. de Palmer y Vizconde de S. Joaquin.—Created 1817. Don Jorge Abri Descaller y Santandreu.

18. Conde de Torre Saura.—Created 1818. Don Bernardo Ignacio de Olives y Olives.

19. Marq. de Casa Desbrul.—Created 1820. Don Joaquin Villalonga y Desbrul.

APPENDIX.

I.

A NOTE or two on some of the public festivals of the Roman Church may illustrate the "*Baile dels Cocies*" and the Catalonian "*Baile dels Bastons*."

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ASS was celebrated for some time in the Church at Beauvais. The authors of this ceremony had, by their superior discernment, discovered that an ass was used for the conveyance of Joseph and Mary, when they fled for an asylum from Herod into Egypt, an assumption in itself by no means improbable. An institution, therefore, was appointed for the commemoration of the flight and deliverance, and the solemnity was a Romish pattern of rationality and devotion! A girl, richly attired, represented Mary; bedizened with finery, she was placed on an ass covered with cloth of gold and superbly caparisoned. The ass, accompanied by a vast concourse of clergy and laity, was led from the cathedral to the parish Church of St. Stephen. The girl who represented the Mother of God, seated on the ass, was conducted in solemn procession into the sanctuary itself, and placed with the Gospels, near the altar. High mass began with great pomp; and the ass, who was a devout worshipper on the occasion, was taught to kneel, as in duty bound, at certain intervals, while a hymn no less rational than pious, was sung in his praise. The holy hymn

recorded by Du Cange is a model for elegance and devotion! The following is a translation of four stanzas of the sacred ode, though no version can equal the sublimity and sense of the inimitable original:—

I.

"The ass comes hither from eastern climes;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
He is handsome and fit for his load at all times.
Sing, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw too and hay in plenty.

II.

"The ass is slow and lazy too;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
But the whip and the spur will make him go.
Sing, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw too and hay in plenty.

III.

"The ass was born with stiff long ears;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
And yet he the lord of asses appears.
Sing, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw too and hay in plenty.

IV.

"At a leap the ass excels the hind;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
And he leaves the goat and the camel behind.
Bray, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw too and hay in plenty."

But that the reader may see that the translation is not exaggerated, the words shall be given in the original. Probably the Latin was sung by the priests, and the chorus, which is French, by the people.

I.

"Orientis partibus
Adventavit Asinus,
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinis aptissimus.

CHORUS.

"Hez, Sire Asnes, car chantez,
Belle bouche rechignez,
Vous aurez du foin assez
Et de l'avoine a plantez.

II.

"Lentus erat pedibus
Nisi foret baculus,
Et cum in clunibus
Pungeret aculeus.
Hez, Sire Asnes, &c.

III.

"Ecce magnis auribus
Subjugatis filius!
Asinus egregius,
Asinorum Dominus.
Hez, Sire Asnes, &c.

IV.

"Salto vincit hinnulos,
Damas et capreolos,
Super Dromedarios
Velox Madianeos.
Hez Sire Asnes," etc.

Du Cange, iii. 426, 427.

The worship concluded with a mutual braying between the clergy and laity in honour of the ass. The officiating priest turned to the people, and in a fine treble voice, and with great devotion, brayed three times like an ass,

whose fair representative he was; while the people, imitating his example in thanking God, brayed three times in concert.

On the Feast of the Innocents, a fool-bishop was elected and chaired, with a little bell rung before him, to the house of the bishop, where the gates were immediately thrown over open, and the mock prelate placed in a principal window, where he stood and gave the benediction towards the town. The fool-bishop, with his chaplains, presided at matins, high mass, and vespers, for three days, pontifically, in the episcopal throne properly adorned. The chaplain sat at his feet, holding a cross. The sub-deacon or deacon, about to sing the epistle and gospel, bent one knee to him, and made supplication; and he marked him with his right hand, &c. The chaplain proclaimed silence, and a service followed; after which he gave the blessing, indulgences, &c.

Innocents' Day was among those in this country on which the like fooleries were displayed. We are informed in *Gregorie's* "certain Learned Tracts," that "the *Episcopus choristarum* was a chorister-bishop, chosen by his fellow-children upon St. Nicolas' daie. From this daie till Innocents' daie at night, the *episcopus puerorum* (or boy-bishop,) was to bear the name and hold up the state of a bishop, answerably habited with a crosier or pastoral-staff in his hand and a *mitre* upon his head, and such an one too sem had, as was *multis episcoporum mitris sumtuosior* (saith one), verie much richer than those of bishops indeed. The rest of his fellows, from the same time being, were to take upon them the style and counterfaict of prebends, yielding

to their bishop no less than canonical obedience. And look what service the real bishop himself with his deans and prebends (had they been to officiate) was to have performed, the mass excepted, the verie same was don by the chorister-bishop and his canons upon the *eve* and the holie daie. By the use of *Sarum* (Salisbury, for 'tis almost the only place where I can hear anything of this), upon the *eve* to *Innocents' Daie*, the chorister-bishop was to go in solemn procession with his fellows *ad altare Sanctæ Trinitatis*, &c. [to the altar of the Holy Trinity, &c.] as the procession *in capis*, &c., in their copes, and burning tapers in their hands, the bishop beginning, and the other boies following. The chorister-bishop, in the mean time, fumeth the altar first, and then the image of the Holie Trinitie. Then the bishop saith *modesta voce* [in a modest voice] the vers, *Lætamini*, 'rejoice ye,' and the others respond. Then the praier which we yet retain, '*Deus, cujus* hodiernâ die,' &c."

Some of the passages were sung in Latin, and are much too solemn to narrate in such a connexion. How awfully trifling, then, must the acting of the boy-bishop have appeared to any serious and thoughtful mind. The account goes on to state, that "the procession was made into the quire by the west door, and in such order that the dean and canons went foremost, the chaplains next, the bishop, with his little prebends, in the last and highest place; the bishop taketh his seat, and the rest of the children dispose of themselves upon each side of the quire, upon the uppermost ascent; the canons resident bearing the incense and the book, and the minor canons the tapers, according to the rubrick."

The account further informs us that the procession was repeated the next day, and, after more mock-worship, the boy-bishop, sitting in his seat, gave the benediction, or blessed the people.

This farce was even severely enforced; for *Gregorie* adds that "The statute of *Sarum* was compelled to provide that no man whatsoever, *sub pœna majoris excommunicationis*, under the pain of *anathema*, should interrupt or press upon those children at the procession spoken of before, or in anie other part of their *service*, in anie waies, but to suffer them quietly to perform and execute what it concerned them to do.

"And the part was acted yet more earnestly, for *Molanus* saith, that this bishop in som places did *reditus, census, et capones, annuo accipere*, receive rents, capons, &c. during his year, &c. And it seemeth by the Statute of *Sarum* that *hee* held a kind of Visitation and had a full correspondence of all other state and prerogative."

"More than all, this *Molanus* telleth of a Christian bishop in the church of *Cambrais*, who disposeth of a prebend which fell void in his moneth, (or year) to his master. In case the chorister-bishop died within the moneth, his exequies were solemnized with an answerable glorious pomp and sadness. He was buried (as all other bishops) in all his ornaments.

"In the cathedral of Sarum," as Gregorie informs us, "there lieth a monument in stone of a little hole, habited all in episcopal robes, a mitre upon his head, a crosier in his hand, and the rest accordingly. The monument laie long buried itself under the seats near the pulpit, at the removal whereof, it was of late years

discovered, and translated from thence to the north part of the *nave*, where it now lyeth betwixt the pillars, covered over with a box of wood."

It shows the corrupt state of the popish church, and the superstition and ignorance which it cherished, that such a profane custom should have been allowed even to invade the walls of the cathedrals, and to receive the sanction of the highest priestly authorities. It was, however, at last, deemed too bad to be continued, and by a canon of the Council of Cognac, held in 1260, chorister-bishops were forbidden; but they were not wholly suppressed in France before the year 1444, when the doctors of the Sorbonne addressed a spirited letter on this subject to all the Bishops of the kingdom.

THE FEAST OF FOOLS was the most extraordinary festival that took place on or about the Christmas season. It was taken from the Roman Saturnalia, when slaves were admitted to an equality with their masters. Even archbishops and bishops played at ball with their subject clerks. Some lay Greeks introduced it into the west. On the day of the festival the minor canons elected an Abbot of Fools, who, after the ceremony and *Te Deum*, was chaired to a place where the others were assembled. At his entrance all arose, and even the bishop, if present, was bound to pay him homage. Wine, fruit, and spices were next served to him. Singing, hissing, howling, shouting, &c. then followed, one party against another. A short dialogue succeeded, after which the porter made a mock sermon. They then went out into the town, jesting with everybody whom they met. In these visits the Abbot wore a dress, whether a mantle, tabard, or cope, with a hoop of vair:

it was his place, if anything indecorous was done in the choir, to correct and chastise it.

In the Feast of Fools, the performers put on masks, assumed the dress of women, danced and sung in the choir, ate fat cakes upon the altar, where the celebrating priest played at dice, put "stinking stuff from the leather of old shoes" in the censer, jumped about the church, with the addition of absurd jests, songs, and unseemly attitudes. Another part of this ridiculous buffoonery was shaving the precentor of fools upon a stage erected before the church, in the presence of the people; and during the operation he amused them with vulgar discourses and gestures. This exhibition was not confined to a particular day. When it was upon St. Stephen's day, they sung as part of the mass, a burlesque composition called the *Prose of the Ass*, or *The Fools' Prose*, by a double choir, and at intervals they imitated the braying of an ass. This bears some resemblance to the *Festival of the Ass*.

II.

A Report of the Demolition of the Palace of the Inquisition at Madrid, made by Colonel Lemanoir of the 9th Regiment of Polish Lancers, in the year 1809. *(Translation.)*

Ordered by Marshal Soult, the Governor of Madrid, to destroy the buildings of the Inquisition, conformably to the decree of the Emperor, I observed to him that the 9th Lancers was insufficient for that service; the Marshal then added two regiments of Infantry, one of

which regiments, the 117th, was under the orders of Colonel Delille. With these troops I marched to the Inquisition, the buildings of which were surrounded with strong walls, and guarded by 400 soldiers. On my arrival I summoned the fathers to open the gates. A sentinel who was on one of the bastions appeared to converse for an instant with some one in the interior, after which he fired upon us, and killed one of my men. This was the signal for the attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon all who appeared upon the walls. It became soon evident that the combat was unequal, and I changed the mode of attack. Some trees were cut down and made into battering-rams, and two of these machines being well directed, under a shower of balls a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

Here we had a sample of what jesuitical effrontery can do. The Inquisitor-General and the Father Confessors solemnly issued forth from their retreats, clothed in their sacerdotal robes, and with their arms crossed upon their breasts—as if, knowing nothing, they came to learn what was the matter. They rebuked their soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight with our friends the French?" They appeared to wish to make us believe that they had not ordered the defence, and hoped, no doubt, to be able to make their escape during the confusion occasioned by the pillage. They were deceived. I gave strict orders that they should be kept in view, and all their soldiers were made prisoners. We then began our examination of this prison of hell. We saw chamber after chamber, altars, crucifixes, wax tapers, in abundance; riches and splendour were to be

seen everywhere. The floors and walls were highly polished, and the marble mosaic inlaid with exquisite taste. But where were the instruments of torture of which we were told, and where were the dungeons in which it was said that human beings were entombed alive? We sought for them in vain; the holy fathers assured us that they were calumniated, and that we had seen everything. I was about to abandon my researches, persuaded that these Inquisitors were different from those of whom we had heard spoken, but Colonel Delille would not give up so easily. He said to me, "Let us examine again the floors; let us pour water upon them, and we shall see if it does not run through some part." The flags of marble were large and quite smooth. After we had poured the water to the great displeasure of the Inquisitors, we examined all the interstices to see if any oozed through. Very soon Colonel Delille cried out that he had found what he sought for. In the joinings of a flag the water disappeared very quickly, as if there was an empty space beneath.

Officers and men set to work to raise the flag, whilst the priests cried out against the desecration of their beautiful and holy house. A soldier struck a spring with the butt-end of his musket, which disclosed a flight of steps. I took a lighted taper, four feet long, from a table, in order to explore our discovery, but was stopped by one of the Inquisitors, who gently placed his hand upon my arm.

"My son," said he, with a devout air, "you ought not to touch that taper; it is holy."

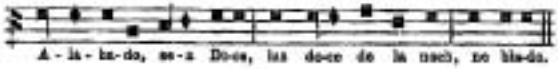
"Well," I replied, "I require a holy light to fathom iniquity."

I descended the steps, which were under a ceiling without any opening except the trap-door. Arrived at the bottom we entered into a vast square room, called the Hall of Judgment. In the middle was a block of stone, upon which was fixed a chair for the accused. On one side of the room was another seat, more elevated, for the Inquisitor-General, called the Throne of Judgment; and there were lower seats for the Fathers. From this chamber we passed to the right, and found small cells extending the whole length of the edifice. But what a spectacle presented itself to our eyes! How the beneficent religion of the Saviour had been outraged by its professors! These cells served as dungeons where the victims of the Inquisition were immured, until death relieved them from their sufferings. Their bodies were left there to decompose, and that the pestilential smell might not incommode the Inquisitors, ventilators were made to carry it off. In the cells we found the remains of some who had died recently, whilst in others we found only skeletons chained to the floor. In others we found living victims of all ages and both sexes,—young men, and young women, and old men up to the age of seventy, but all as naked as the day they were born. Our soldiers first busied themselves to free these captives from their chains, and then took off part of their clothes to cover them. After having visited all the cells, and opened the prison-doors of those who yet lived, we went to visit another chamber on the left. There we found all the instruments of torture that the genius of men or demons could invent. At this sight the fury of our soldiers could no longer be contained,—they cried out that every one of these inquisitors,

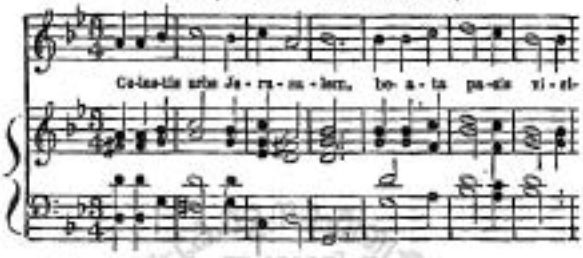
monks, and soldiers should undergo the torture. We did not attempt to prevent them, and they immediately commenced the work upon the persons of the fathers. I saw them employ four kinds of torture, and then withdrew from the frightful scene, which lasted as long as there was a single individual in that antechamber of hell, upon whom the soldiers could wreak their vengeance.

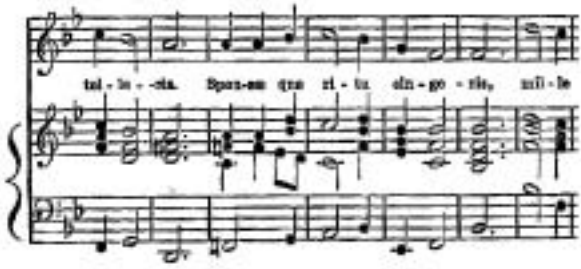
When these vaults were thrown open an image of the Virgin Mary was discovered, which, on inspection, was found to be a torturing engine. She wore, beneath her robes, a metal breast-plate, thickly stuck with needles, spikes, and lancets. The familiar, who was present, was requested to work the engine; and he did so. As she raised her arms as if to embrace, a knapsack was thrown into them, and, in closing them upon it, she pierced it through in a hundred places. To the living victim it would have proved instantly the embrace of death. When the victims of the Inquisition could be brought without danger from their prison into the light of day, the news of their delivery spread abroad; and those from whom the Holy Office had torn their relations or friends, came to see if there was any hope to find them alive. About one hundred persons were rescued from their living tombs, and restored to their families. Many found a son, or a daughter, a brother, or a sister. Some found no one. A large quantity of powder was placed in the subterraneous passages of the building, the massive walls and towers were blown up into the air, and the Inquisition of Madrid ceased to exist.

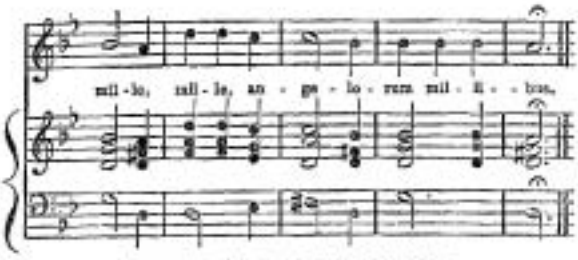
CHANT OF THE SERENOS AT PALMA



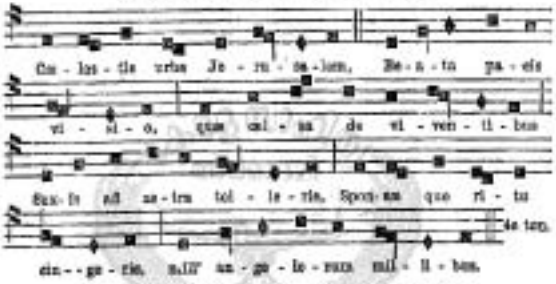
HYMN (IN DIE DEDICATIONIS).



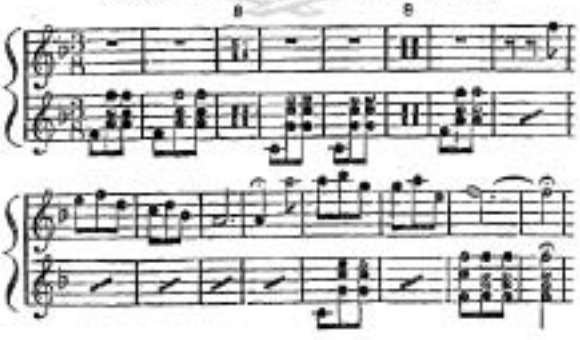




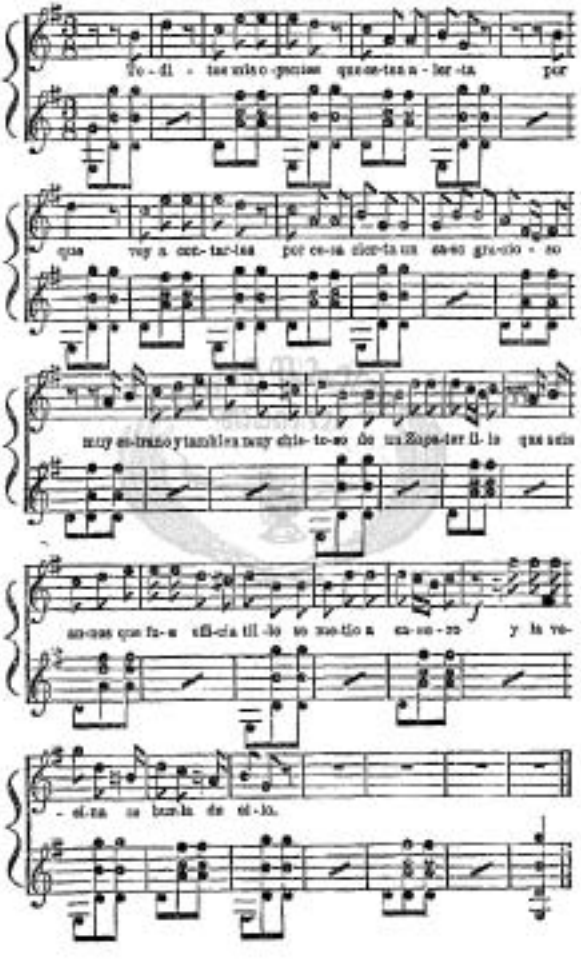
HYMN OF THE DEDICATION.



GUITAR PRELUDES, AND SERENADES.



POPULAR SPANISH AIR.



END OF VOL. I.

THE, BELLO STREET HILL.